

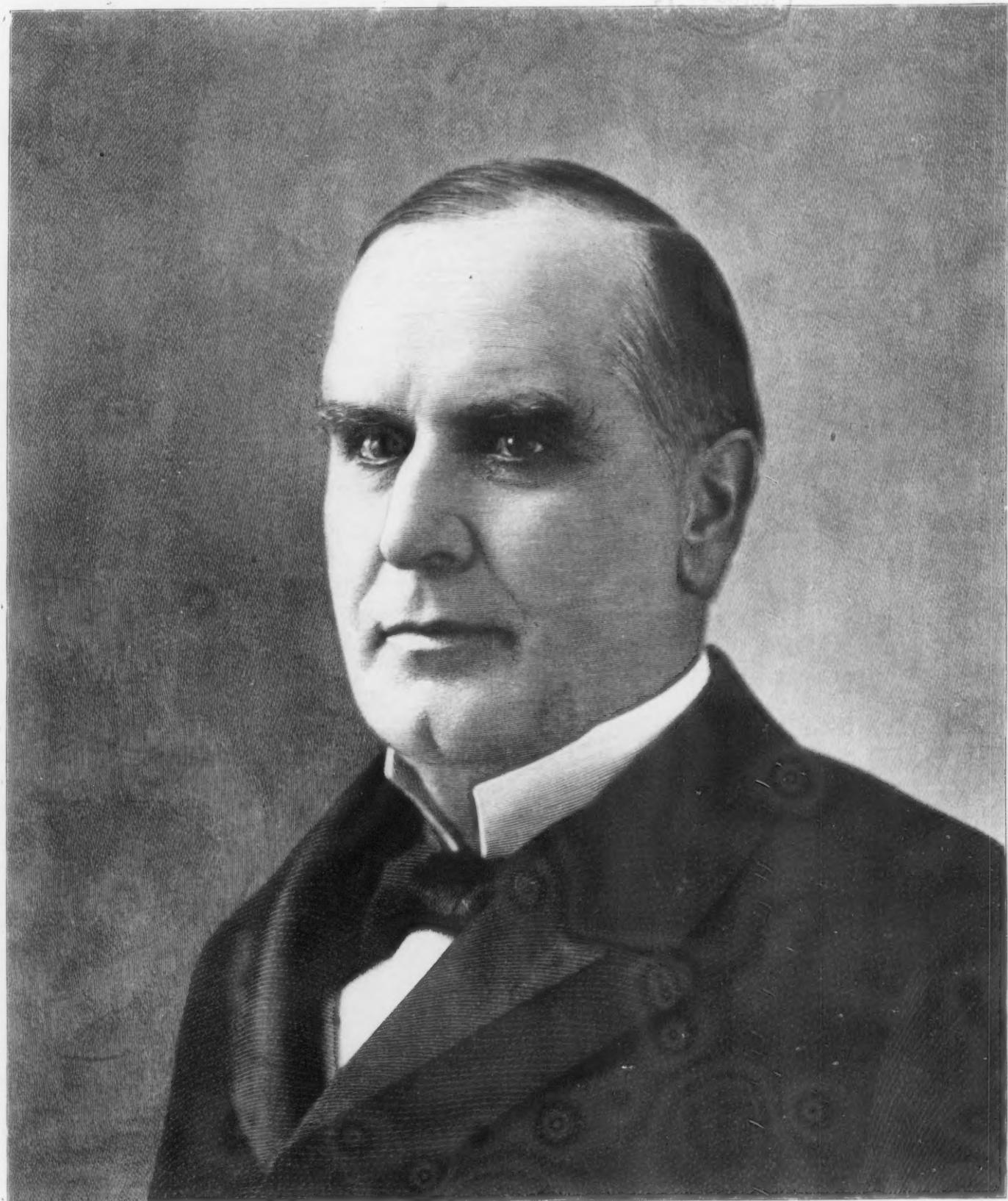
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XVIII.—No. 21.
Copyright, 1897, by PETER FENWICK COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

(See Editorial, page 2.)



521-547 West Eleventh Street.
518-534 West Fourteenth Street.
NEW YORK CITY

TERMS:

COLLIER'S WEEKLY and THE FORTSIGHTLY LIBRARY, one year, and choice of any set of premium books, including	\$6.50
Balzac's "Human Comedy,"	
Sue's "Wandering Jew," in five volumes, with Dore illustrations,	
"Life of the Great Napoleon,"	
"Capitals of the Globe,"	
"Milton's Paradise Lost," or "Dante's Inferno,"	\$6.50
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid,	\$7.50
Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid,	\$7.50
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid,	\$6.00
THE FORTSIGHTLY LIBRARY, without the newspaper, twenty-six numbers per year,	\$4.50
Single copies of THE FORTSIGHTLY LIBRARY	25

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to receive another copy.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks necessarily elapses, dependent upon the distance from New York, from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should COLLIER'S WEEKLY fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, COLLIER'S WEEKLY Building, No. 523 W. 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

All correspondents sending in short stories, poems or other contributions will be expected to keep copies thereof, as the publisher and proprietor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY declines to be held responsible for their return. However, in all cases where stamps are enclosed for return postage the proprietor will endeavor to comply with the requests.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

AT any time and under all circumstances, the character, abilities, temperament, sympathies, and aspirations of their prospective Chief Magistrate are matters of deep interest to every citizen of the United States. It is no Executive figure-head, like the President of the French Republic, but a veritable ruler whom once in four years we summon to reign over us. When defining the functions of President, the framers of our Federal Constitution deliberately adopted for their model a constitutional sovereign, the contemporary King of Great Britain, but they invested him with powers materially larger than George III. was ever able to exercise, although not larger than those which he claimed. During the century that has since elapsed the range and weight of our Chief Magistrate's authority have been rather increased than lessened, whereas in England the power of the Crown has almost shrunk into a legal fiction. Of the substantial attributes of sovereignty the President of the United States is clothed with more than belong to any of the kings of those European countries which possess a parliamentary regime; such countries, for example, as Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and even Austria-Hungary. If we do not include Denmark and Germany it is because the King at Copenhagen, in alleged defiance of the Constitution, long governed through a Minister to whom the popular chamber repeatedly refused its confidence, while in the German Empire the Kaiser's Prime Minister, or Chancellor, is not even nominally responsible to the Reichstag. With these exceptions, to which must, of course, be added the Czar and the Sultan, it may be truthfully said that all existing European monarchs are inferior to our Chief Magistrate in respect of solid personal power. It is only as regards the duration of their tenure of office that they have any advantage over him. He is, in a word, a four years King.

To appreciate the importance to the American community of a wise and upright exercise of the functions of Chief Magistrate we should contrast his truly royal powers with those of the President of the French Republic. It is true that the latter is better lodged and better paid; to him are assigned the palaces of the Elysee and Fontainebleau, and a salary of \$250,000 a year. In all other respects, however, he is a puppet or lay figure, such as the Mikado used to be in the days of the Shogunate. He cannot issue a single order, which is

not countersigned by a Minister, who is responsible, not to his ostensible chief, but to the majority of the popular chamber. Not even on the advice of a Minister can he dissolve or adjourn the Chambers; for such an act the assent of the French Senate is required. He cannot veto an act of Parliament; nominally, he has the right to return once for reconsideration a measure of which he disapproves; but even this right has not been exercised by any of the French Presidents under the existing régime. Finally, the President of the French Republic, should he incur the displeasure of the Chambers, may be summarily legislated out of office, for the Constitution of 1875 can be amended at any hour and to any extent by the two Houses in joint session. Compare this powerless and precarious position with that of a President of the United States. In the first place, the latter is for four years irremovable, except by death, by physical or mental disability, or by impeachment; that the last-named agency will ever again be invoked has been rendered improbable by the failure of the Senate to convict Andrew Johnson. In the second place, he possesses, and he habitually employs a power, which, as we have seen, does not exist in France, and has not been exercised in England since the reign of Anne; he can and does veto any act of Congress which fails to meet with his approval, and it requires a two-thirds vote in both Houses to overrule his will. Again, he is authorized by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; this means that the assent of the popular branch of the Federal legislature would not be needed for a treaty, even though it should dismember the national territory, or entirely subordinate our national interests to those of a foreign country. In the exercise of this formidable power, the President and Senate have twice surrendered territory to Great Britain; namely, on our northeast and on our northwest frontier. The President is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and he may call into his service all the militia of the several States; neither is the assent of a responsible Minister, nor that of either House of Congress, requisite for such an act, which, if performed by a man of Caesarian ambitions, would instantly invest him with a power of the sword, which would be, perhaps, fatal to our liberties. He nominates, and, with the consent of the Senate, appoints every officer of the United States, whether military, naval, diplomatic, administrative or judicial; nor is this a mere form as in the case of the French President, or of any constitutional sovereign, to whom appointments are in practice dictated by a Prime Minister, responsible, not to him, but to the national legislature. Once more, he is exclusively invested with power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment. Lastly, he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them in respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them until such time as he shall think proper. We add that recently a Secretary of State has contended that to the Executive belongs exclusively the right to recognize the belligerency or independence of a foreign people, and, although this expanded view of a President's prerogatives now finds many opponents in Congress, it is a matter of record that on several former occasions Congress has concurred in it; a memorable instance, not hitherto noticed, will be found in one of the earlier administrations. We repeat, and the truth cannot be too often brought home to us, that the American people are living under a sovereign who far transcends most other kings, as regards the extent of his power for weal or for woe. The truth would have been familiar to every schoolboy in the land, but for the fact that the framers of our Constitution sagaciously refrained from giving the *title* of king to our Chief Magistrate, and limited his term of office to four years.

Once awakened to the magnitude of the Presidential office, we can understand how vitally important it is to the American people that its functions shall be skillfully, cautiously and conscientiously discharged. On every inauguration, therefore, of a new President, his previous history is, and ought to be carefully examined and profoundly pondered. Do his early associations, his education, his experience in youth and early manhood, his professional and politi-

cal career, afford ground for confidence, or for misgiving, from the viewpoint of the people's interests? These are questions which the people have a right to ask. They ask them with anxiety, the moment nominations for the Presidency are made, and upon the nature of the answers usually depends the issue of the contest. In the case of William McKinley the answers were satisfactory, and no man, who has at heart the welfare of his country, regrets the decision of the people at the ballot-box, so far as the personal qualities of the victor are concerned. As regards some matters of public policy the supporters of his opponent abide, no doubt, by their former opinions; but there is observed among them not a trace of vindictiveness or bitterness toward the President-elect himself. The great body of American citizens, the hard-working people, the plain people, like Major McKinley and believe in him; and when we look back upon the story of his life we see ample foundation for their confidence.

In a man's ancestry will be often found a clew to his character, or, at all events, to his attitude toward the bulk of his fellow-citizens. The forefathers of William McKinley on his father's side were originally Scotch; the same thing was true, it will be remembered, of Patrick Henry. They came to this country two centuries ago, and thus for many generations the blood of the President-elect has imbibed American traditions. On his mother's side his ancestors were Puritans, who, in the reactionary days of the last Stuarts, left England to seek a refuge in the Quaker colony of William Penn. It may be possible to have a lineage more illustrious than this, but, if one wished to inherit the qualities best fitted for usefulness and honor in an American environment, he could scarcely improve upon this genealogy. William McKinley, the subject of this sketch, was born January 27, 1843, in what was then the country village of Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio. It is worth noting that the great majority of the Presidents of the United States were born and reared in country villages, and were, therefore, throughout boyhood and youth, brought into intimate contact with the backbone of the American community. It is, also, an interesting fact, when one recalls how closely Major McKinley has been since associated with the nation's manufacturing interests, that he was the son of an iron manufacturer. William's early education was acquired from the village schools of Niles, and of Poland, to which latter town his parents eventually removed. When he was seventeen, his father sent him to Allegheny College. Of this institution we may say what Daniel Webster said of his own *alma mater* in the memorable Dartmouth College case: "It is, your honors, a small college; and yet, there are those who love it." His studies there, however, were soon interrupted by the outbreak of the civil war. In June, 1861, being then but eighteen years old, William McKinley joined a company which had been quickly recruited under the designation of the "Poland Guards." There is a tradition that this body of volunteers was made up entirely of youths, who were still minors in the eye of the law. Very early in the course of his service under the colors William McKinley was selected for the post of quartermaster of the regiment in which the Poland Guards were merged. After the battle of South Mountain, Md., he was appointed a lieutenant, and on July 26, 1864, being then but twenty-one years old, he was made a captain. On March 13, 1865, he was brevetted Major; and on July 26, 1866, he was mustered out of service. His war record abounds in instances of gallantry, and nothing but extreme youth prevented the boy captain from obtaining high military rank.

When Major McKinley returned to his home in Poland, Ohio, at the age of twenty-two, he was for a season undecided what vocation to follow, but finally resolved to be a lawyer; and, having first obtained a little practical experience of his chosen profession in the office of Charles E. Glidden, of Mahoning County, Ohio, he proceeded to Albany in the State of New York, and entered the well-known law school at that place. In 1867, at the age of twenty-four, he was admitted to the bar in Canton, where he opened an office. Like most young lawyers, Mr. McKinley had uphill work at first, but, at the date at which he began to take an active part in politics, he had acquired a fair practice, and was in the way of earning a moderate income. Before we proceed to indicate the suc-

cessive steps of his political career, we may mention that Major McKinley, while still a young lawyer eagerly looking out for fees, married Miss Ida Saxton, a charming and admirable woman, one of the belles of Stark County. Their present home in Canton is the house in which they first lived after their marriage. Here, in 1871, their first child was born, and here it died three years later; their second and only other child was born some time afterward, but was not destined to survive. We should undoubtedly ascribe the extravagant love for children, characteristic of the President-elect, partly to an inborn tenderness of nature, and partly to the remembrance of his personal bereavements. It appears that Major McKinley's mother (now eighty-eight years old) hoped during his youth and early manhood that her son would become a Methodist minister. Her secretly cherished ambition was that she might one day see him a Bishop of that Church. We should here note that, just before he enlisted in the army of the Union, he joined the Methodist Church and has been ever since a communicant. In his life, as his friends and neighbors know, he has been consistent to his professions. A convinced Methodist he is, but he has never evinced any sectarian bias against persons of different religious views, nor has he ever permitted his friends to use his Church affiliations as instruments for his political advancement. We add that, amid the stress and fervor of the Presidential campaign, while his anxieties were keenest, he never interrupted his custom of walking with his aged mother, preferring, for their promenades, the quietest and most secluded streets of Canton.

The industry and ability, which Major McKinley exhibited from the outset of his practice at the bar, attracted the attention of Judge Belden, a leading lawyer of Canton, who took him into partnership; the association lasted until the Judge's death in 1870. In the preceding year, young McKinley had been elected Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County and continued to hold that position for seven years. It was at this time that he began to take an active part in politics. He was but thirty-three years old, when he was chosen by the people of his Congress district to represent them in the House of Representatives. There he speedily made his mark, and was returned at each subsequent election until that of 1890; in which year, owing to a gerrymander of his district, he was defeated by the small majority of three hundred. While in Congress, Major McKinley served on the Committee on the Revision of Laws, the Judiciary Committee, the Committee on Expenditures in the Post-Office Department, and the Committee on Rules. When James A. Garfield was elected a Senator, and consequently resigned his seat in the House, Major McKinley was assigned to the vacancy in the Committee on Ways and Means. He served on the last-named committee until the expiration of his last term in the House of Representatives; and it was while chairman thereof, that he brought forward and carried the tariff bill, which afterward became a law, and which has since been copied with his name all over the world. We should also recall in this place the fact that the Ohio State Convention held at Cleveland in 1884 had made William McKinley its chairman, and his avowed preference at that time for James G. Blaine over John Sherman, as a candidate for the Presidency, rendered his position extremely delicate. It was the energetic part, which he took in the campaign of that year, that first gave him a national reputation, and made him an unusually conspicuous figure in the Republican National Convention, which was held four years later. In the latter National gathering (1888), he was the chairman of the Ohio delegation, and in pursuance of instructions cast a solid vote for Sherman. On the sixth ballot, however, the Ohio delegation refused to follow the instructions of their State Convention, and cast their votes for McKinley. A storm of cheers interrupted the balloting, and under the pressure of enthusiasm other States began rallying to him. Then McKinley arose and delivered one of the best speeches of his life. He announced that he and his fellow delegates had pledged themselves to do everything in their power to secure the nomination of John Sherman; it was, therefore, and must remain their duty, to vote in conformity to the wishes of the people of their State, without regard to personal considerations of any kind.

When Major McKinley was gerrymandered

out of his original Congress district he became the candidate of the Ohio Republicans for Governor of the State. So general was the feeling of the party in his favor, that there was no opposing candidate in the State Convention. During his first term, and also throughout his tenure of the office, he conducted the affairs of his State with ability, fairness, and judgment, as even his political opponents testify. In the Republican National Convention, held at Minneapolis in 1892, Major McKinley once more demonstrated that he prized loyalty and honor above any personal advantage. When the chairman of the Ohio delegation suddenly announced that their votes were cast for Governor McKinley, an announcement which was followed by a tremendous outburst of applause, McKinley, who was presiding over the Convention, rose in his place and declared that the delegates of Ohio ought to vote as they had been instructed by the people of their State. Of McKinley, therefore, it may truthfully be said that twice he put away the crown; from no failure to appreciate the power and dignity of the Presidential office, but from a simple and unhesitating fidelity to his plighted word. Looking back upon his flawless conduct in those two National Conventions, and upon some fine acts of self-sacrifice in his private life, the President-elect may fairly say, with Shakespeare's "Henry V.":

"God knows, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive."

It will, we think, be manifest to every thoughtful student of political history, that we have outlined here an almost ideal training for an American President. Major McKinley has been a soldier, a lawyer, and a statesman of prolonged practical acquaintance with State and national affairs. It is through such a training that the power is acquired of forming quickly a correct estimate of the capacities of others, and of putting the right man in the right place. In social, as well as in political life, his opportunities of observation have been wide and diversified. He has known what it means to be poor, but the knowledge has not soured him or imbibited him. He has never known what it means to be rich, but the lack of that kind of knowledge has never bred in him jealousy or envy. He is, consequently, qualified by his experience to treat every class in the community with even-handed justice; but, in view of that experience, we can see that his sympathies must needs go forth with peculiar fervor to those who need them most, the vast care-haunted mass of his hard-working fellow-citizens. By his supporters during the campaign he was called "the advance agent of prosperity," and, although there is obviously a limit to the control of events by a single individuality, there is no doubt that the phrase delivered the deepest wish of his heart. It is his hope and his determination, so far as it lies within his power, to bring about a renewal of activity in the farm, the workshop and the mine; to open a multitude of factories now closed; to stimulate throughout our borders the production of raw materials as well as of their manufactured products; to impart a long-needed impulse to the whole of the complex and mighty machinery of labor. In a word, to use an expression of his own, it will be the primary purpose and the unwavering desire of his administration to give back to the American workman his lost job.

As regards the foreign policy of the President-elect, we may take it for granted that a man whose blood has had two hundred years in which to make itself American, a man inheriting the traits pertaining to the Scotch Covenanter and Puritan stocks, a man representing the heart and brain, the instincts, intuitions and interests of the great body of the community, will show himself at once resolute and wary in conserving and applying the soundest and safest American traditions. He can be trusted to do nothing visionary; he can be trusted to do nothing rash. We believe that, in the first place, he will do his duty to his fellow countrymen, and at the same time he will recognize the duties which the greatest of republics owes to mankind at large.

SOME Georgia planters are said to have removed to Mexico where they have found land that produces two bales of cotton to the acre. It is to be hoped that they won't be disappointed, but it is a very old story that the best land, the largest crops, the best apples and the biggest fish are always said to be somewhere else.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.
Author of "Helen's Babies."

PRESIDENT-ELECT McKinLEY is in great luck; an attack of the grip has enabled him to deny himself to visitors for a few days. If his physicians are properly wise and patriotic they will prolong their treatment and restrictions as long as there is a shadow of excuse, for it is only fair to the American people that their incoming President should be in good physical and mental condition on Inauguration Day and at the beginning of his administration. Most of our Presidents since Grant have reached the White House in a state of chronic weariness induced by months of talk with visitors, principally self-invited, about the visitors' personal interests, which consisted entirely in desire for offices within the gift of the Government. This year there are fewer offices to bestow than ever before, but there is said to be no diminution in the number and earnestness of the seekers. Major McKinley is a man of fine physique and good personal habits, but no human constitution can sustain without injury the strain to which he has been subjected. Until some new system of rotation in office is devised a President-elect ought to go to sea or take quarters in one of the lighthouses that are not visited except by Government vessels, and by these only once in three months. After inauguration his chances of not being worried to death improve somewhat, for then he has a lot of Cabinet officers upon whom to unload some of his tormentors.

Grand Master Sovereign of the Knights of Labor is authority for the statement that secret revolutionary societies are being organized in every part of the country for the purpose of resorting to civil war for supposed remedies, for the populace, which cannot be obtained by the ballot. Unless Mr. Sovereign has been deceived, the country contains more fools than ever were believed to exist outside of insane asylums. A people as generally intelligent as ours, and that has a civil war still fresh in their memory, would mercilessly suppress another one, and the majority of the very class that is supposed to be most discontented would be on the side of the Government. The only class which has anything to gain by civil war is that against which the discontented most protest—the class which contains the so-called plutocrats. It was through the last civil war and its consequences that many of the enormous private fortunes of the present day began, and there are thousands of sharp-witted men who have laid plans to make similar fortunes out of the next war, no matter with whom it may be. If any of our fellow-citizens are longing to fight for human rights in the United States and do it effectively, he will find human brains the best weapons, but even these fail when not used with intelligence, honesty and energy. Shooting is easier than thinking and working, but the great majority of the people disapprove of it, and the majority always did and always will have its way in the United States.

There is beginning to be more than a suspicion that the discontented and suffering class in this country is nowhere near as large as has been represented. The greatest suffering is usually in the large cities, where not even the plainest food and shelter can be had except for money, and harrowing tales have been told recently of frightful increase of privation and destitution in New York. Within a week, however, the oldest and most methodical of the charitable societies has declared that there is no more suffering here than is usual in the winter season. Savings banks whose customers are principally from the classes receiving very small pay are having as many deposits and as few withdrawals as usual. There are many thousands of unemployed people, but the same could be said during the most prosperous years of the last quarter-century. Unless all competent authorities lie, mortgages on farms and village homes throughout the land are nowhere near as numerous as they were in the "good times" of fifteen or twenty years ago, nor are prices of necessities so high. We are not within seeing distance of the millennium, nor are we out of sight of the panic of '93; no one is entirely satisfied with his condition, but it is equally true that no one ever will be; nor will exaggeration about existing troubles help any one to more satisfaction or money.

Alabama's proposed law against the sale of cigarettes, cigarette papers and any substitute for either may seem strange, coming, as it does, from a State in which almost every man is a smoker; but the lawmakers would probably explain that their enactment was not aimed at tobacco and the smoking habit. For some reason, best known to manufacturers who won't disclose it, there are countless cigarettes which while burning emit odors which nauseate veteran smokers of cigars and pipes, to say nothing of non-users of the weed. Some cigarettes have been known to drive dogs out of rooms, although the dogs liked the smokers, and the strangest fact in these cases was that the smokers themselves did not taste or smell anything unpleasant.

It is not generally known that until recently the National Capital itself has been as defenseless as it was in the days when a British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake and Potomac and destroyed the public buildings. A similar attack would have been easier to make in recent years, for the enemy could have moved by steamer instead of sail, modern guns are vastly more destructive than those of the War of 1812, the Potomac is a hard stream to guard with a fleet, and only within the last five years have we had vessels fit to attempt the task. Now some big guns are in position below the city, and bigger ones, with a lot of mortars, are soon to keep them company; until then it will be reassuring to reflect that our neighbors are neither big nor ugly.

For a few days there was a possibility that the irrepressible Americans who wanted to fight for Cuba, but whom Cuba would not have, might have a taste of gore by going to Greece and assisting at the extermination of the Turks on the Island of Crete. Greece herself, however, has been suppressed by the other Powers, so American fighting blood must again be cooled off. Turned into a different channel, it might be made quite useful at home, for the plowing season is close at hand in many States.



THREE ENGLISH WARISTS IN TEHERAN EXPLAINING THE 'AMBER' TO THE SHAH



THE PLAGUE IN INDIA: THE EXODUS FROM BOMBAY



THE BENIN DISASTER: A TRADER RETURNING TO THE COAST



THE PLAGUE AT BOMBAY: FISHERMEN MAKING VOTIVE OFFERINGS TO THE SEA



THE FIRST DRAWING ROOM OF THE BERLIN 'ADOLPH' PALACE: THE MAIN STAIRCASE



THE DOG SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

The reverberation of the shot fired ten days ago in the Aegean Sea was so loud that it woke the world, woke its memories too. For Crete, which got its name from the chalk that was found there and with which, in ages remote, the lucky days in the calendar were marked, was the nursery of Jupiter, the home of Ariadne, and the lair of the minotaur that Theseus slew. It has been famed and famous since time began. It was one of the fortunate Isles of long ago, a land of mellow morns and languid dusks through which strayed processions of the gayest myths. It had its days of fable, of heroism, then of blood. When Lycurgus left Lacedaemon it was to Crete he brought the Spartan rules he had evolved, and with them he transformed an indolent, pleasure-loving people into a race, hardy of habit and laconic of speech. It was then their history began. In it, each chapter is headed War. Polybius, in looking over the chronicles of Crete, declared them to be a series of stories of contests exceeding in bitterness all that was known to the rest of Greece. The Cretans seem to have done nothing but lived and loved and fought, but they lived in and loved and fought for their island. In time the Roman eagles flew that way and batten there, but even they could not wholly subdue it. The toga that was thrown over it made it province indeed, but a separate one, ruled by a governor of consular rank, and so remained until a thousand years ago, when it revolted, defied Byzance, and turned itself into a nest of pirates. Subsequently, when the Turks undertook to quell them, it took over twenty years to do it. Even so they never wholly succeeded; the mountaineers, who descend straight from forefathers that Lycurgus trained, they were impotent to subdue. They are unsubdued to-day. Insurrection has been continuous since the early part of the present century, when, led by those mountaineers, Crete revolted again. Greek at heart and Greek in speech, Greek they have been and Greek they will be. In the guns that boomed a few days since Hellas was but proclaiming it.

There is a region, larger by half than the United States and quite equal in area to China, concerning which we know next to nothing but of which presently we may hope to know more. Christened by geographers with the musical name of Antarctica, it extends, frigid and remote, around the other end of the globe. The landscape is a succession of giant glaciers, walls of insuperable ice, and of mountains whose slopes and ridges lie buried beneath thousands of feet of enduring snow. A little while ago, a hundred and fifty thousand years perhaps, there were there forest reaches, green retreats, the call of bird and deer. One may wonder why it should have been punished so, and whether, as a poet has surmised, it was damned for its sinnings by one chill glance of God's avenging stare. Three distinct expeditions are now planning to go there, one Norwegian, one Belgian, and the third, American. The point of attack for all will be Graham Land, which lies south of Patagonia. Should they be successful we shall be instructed in the meteorology of the region, we shall learn of the tides and currents of its seas, of its zoology, perhaps of its botany; but the past of Antarctica lies frozen and indecipherable beneath those bergs and glaciers, beneath those cements of ice. Concerning it we may surmise and conjecture, but its history we shall never know.

From the South Pole to the North Pole the distance is immense, but the transition easy. In Nansen's "Farthest North," which will presently be published here, the latest advices from that region will be provided—at the rate of ten dollars a copy, however; yet from high latitudes low prices could not be expected to come. The work, I hear, is in two divisions; the first relating the adventures of Nansen and his party previous to the sledge journey which they undertook, the second being devoted to an account of that journey which lasted fifteen months and during which, traveling at a speed of fifteen to twenty miles a day, the explorers were haunted by the disquieting suspicion that the wastes over which they journeyed were retreating backward at the same rate at which they themselves were endeavoring to advance, and thus in maintaining them practically in the same position were nullifying their attack on the Pole. Add to that a temperature beside which that of Manitoba is charming, a darkness shuttled by the phantoms of the Aurora, the glint of polar stars, the derision of the polar moon, the endlessness of that journey, the problem of its utility, the problem, too, of the problematical return, the hardships, the monotony, the ravenousness of the hunger which that temperature begets and never relieves, the sheer desolation of the solitudes traversed—add those things one to another and the wonder grows not that the book should cost ten dollars but that it could have been written at all.

However ten dollars may be regarded for a book there is an appreciable difference between that price and two thousand five hundred, which is the amount asked for each copy of a work entitled "The Book of Wealth," and of which limited edition is being published for the use of emperors and millionaires. Purporting to be an inquiry into the nature and distribution of the world's resources and riches, and a history of the origin and influence of property in all times and among all ages, it is in reality a sumptuous, if tolerably expensive, example of modern art. Divided into sections, each of which is bound in gold cloth and decorated with an original water-color, it contains, in addition to letter-

press, a series of pictures among which figure the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Alhambra, the Kremlin, the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus, Solomon's Temple, together with several of those palaces which look as though they belonged to the uplands of dream and which the Orientals alone construct, and several of those local and wretched imitations which are to be found only in America. Among the subscribers are the Emperor of China, Miss Gould, Mr. W. W. Astor, the Shah of Persia, Mrs. Bradley Martin, the Czarina of Russia, Mrs. Jack Gardner, the Mikado of Japan, Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mr. Huntington, and the Emperor of Germany. There are these, others too, but the only newspaper man is Mr. Astor.

Talking of books, a very insidious one is that issued by the Texas and Pacific Railway. Personally I like to do my traveling in an armchair, and this little volume has sent me spinning all over a State of which I knew nothing and of which now I want to know more. That is the worst of literature of this kind. It looks entirely harmless. You pick it up, for lack, perhaps, of something better to do, and suddenly, through the force of accumulated trifles and unobserved effects, your surroundings have vanished, you are speeding over lovely prairies, you are skirting forests of pine, there are trim farms to charm you, towns ornate and prosperous which are succeeded by fresher vistas, by other farms, by other towns, by another atmosphere and a newer life. Your surroundings may have satisfied you amply, but with a book like this talking at you, you want to go to the places of which it tells, you want to live on one of those farms, move in one of those towns, have your being on that prairie. To want, of course, is easy. But this little book not only excites the want, it shows how readily it may be gratified. Taking one thing with another, to those who are contented where they are as well as to those who are not, I intrepidly recommend this production, which is to be had, I see, of the agent of the line at Dallas.

A German erudit is asking through the medium of the scientific journals whether fish have memories. A German erudit should know all things. I am glad, therefore, to be in a position to tell him that fish not only possess memories but voices. The fact that they recollect persons and things has been demonstrated time and again. A few years ago in this city there was exhibited a pair of trained flounders which, at command, went through a variety of select evolutions. The fact that fish have voices has been demonstrated as clearly and as well. One day Gautier happened to be visiting at a country house. Among the other guests was Littré. Near the house was a pond stocked with carp. Somebody suggested that one of them might be nice for dinner. Accordingly a carp was caught. Subsequently the cook appeared and stated that the carp had no sooner been placed in the pot than heart-rending cries had come from it, and declared that he would rather resign his apron than officiate over such an extraordinary fish. "Extraordinary!" Gautier repeated. "But all fish object to being boiled alive. This carp merely happened to have a stronger voice than others." At this Littré was greatly amused. In his quality of savant—for savant he was, the wisest and ugliest man of his day—he stated that nothing was better established than that fish are dumb. "Forgive me," said Gautier, "they are not." Whereupon he gave such a lesson in ichthyology that it seemed as though all the fish in the sea were protesting with him against the ignorance of man. He dissected their vocal organs. He unveiled their mysterious lives, their loves, their wars. He made them sing, cry and murmur according to their joy and pain.

The next day, Littré, who had returned to Paris, wrote to him: "I have passed the night in verifying your assertions. Every one of them is exact. It is you who are the savant and I who am the poet."

In the current number of "Scribner's" there is an article on hotels here and abroad which states that the swellest hotels in England and on the Continent are considerably more economical than those in New York, more comfortable in every way, and furthermore that the innkeeper's instinct for knowing exactly what is wanted "without being told" is more highly developed there than here. All of which is a farrago of fiction. The two swellest hotels on the other side are the Bristol in Paris and the Savoy in London. The first entertains English princes, Russian granddukes and American millionaires. The second entertains everybody, big bugs and bagmen alike. A short time ago a friend of mine, who happens to be a very rich man, returned from abroad. I said to him: "Where did you put up in Paris?" He answered: "At the worst hotel in Europe." I said: "You mean the Bristol." He replied that he did. "And where?" I asked. "Did you put up in London?" He answered: "At the worst hotel in the world." I said: "You mean the Savoy." He replied that such was the case. This, of course, was but amiable exaggeration. The Savoy and the Bristol are both good—when you get accustomed to them. That takes not only a long time but a vast amount of money. At the Bristol, for instance, there is no public dining-room. In addition to a bedroom it is obligatory to take a dining-room and sitting-room also. There would be no objection to that if there happened to be a bathroom as well. But there are none. At the Savoy, while there is a public dining-room, and a very good one too, unless you engage a table a week in advance you are apt to go hollow. At these hotels the food as a rule is of the best and the service excellent, but the prices are fabulous. At the Bristol, for instance, there is an extra charge made if you dine out, or, let us say, five francs if you ring the bell, ten if you don't. At the Savoy, too, the extras you find on your account would through their cruelty fill a bandit with admiration. As for the innkeeper with the highly developed instinct for "knowing exactly what you want without being told" he is a myth. There are no innkeepers in the swell hotels. They are limited liability concerns, and the instinct which they have developed most highly is in knowing exactly what you don't want and making you pay for it too. There are some admirable innkeepers in Europe, but they are not to be sought for in London and they are not to be found in Paris. There the breed is ex-

tinct. And as an example not alone of the superiority of American hotels, but of the need which is felt for them, on the Champs Elysées the ground for one is being broken to-day.

A fortnight ago, in Cadillac, Mich., the Rev. W. L. Laufman preached a sermon against the use of tobacco and, displaying a pound of it, declared that it contained enough nicotine to kill two hundred men. I have no doubt it did. Some tobacco is naturally abominable, but the abomination of it is increased by the tricks of the trade. Tobacco must necessarily be treated to some extent in order to be presented in a smokeable form, yet the nicotine in it is beneficial in comparison to the preparations in which certain varieties, particularly those of the cigarette order, are soaked. It was the original leaf which Charles Kingsley catalogued as divine in a pipe, glorious in a hookah, and the nicotine absorbed into the system from it might hurt a flea but would hardly injure anything larger. How Charles Kingsley would have catalogued certain brands of American cigarettes, certain others called Egyptian, and which never saw the Nile, is conjectural of course, but for the purpose in hand it may be assumed that he would call them beastly in anything. And so they are. In the formula for what is regarded as the improvement of inferior grades of the weed the following substances enter: storax, badiane, saltpeter, cassia, glycerine, rosewood, sugar, bay leaves, cubeb, galangal, calamus, together with vanilla, orris or Tonquin bean. Those things are sweet to consider, and they are sweeter, too, to smell and to inhale, yet without professing to be an expert I can fancy them a trifle more injurious than the nicotine which the Rev. Mr. Laufman condemns.

A subscriber, whose displeasure I regret to have incurred, berates me right roundly for jeering as I did here recently at the Poet Laureate and asks quite pertinently what better verse of my own have I to show. With entire humility I must reply that I have none. But the retort however meek, he properly foresaw, and has rebuked me cogently, if with some disregard for grammar. "I don't think," he declares, "that you should abuse your betters." In that he is entirely right. I lack the incentive. It is not in the least because I do not recognize my superiors at sight that I jeered at Mr. Austin; it is simply because it is a grief to me to see him picking up Tennyson's cigarette stumps. I open the latter's works at random. I find the following verses. I commend them to this gentleman, and when he has read them perhaps he will tell me where in Mr. Austin's works I may find anything, not as good, for that is impossible, but which in technique and metaphor in any way approaches them:

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font;
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me."

"Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me."

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me."

"Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me."

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

The quarrel which Björnson tried to pick with Ibsen, and which Ibsen majestically ignored, is but another of those episodes with which the annals of literature abound. For jealousy, long regarded as the product of small minds, is by no means restricted to them. Great men are great babies. Plato, for instance, never deigned to mention Xenophon, and Xenophon was for ever snapping at his heels. If you seek the reason you will find it in the fact that they both wrote on the same subject. When Racine read his first tragedy to Corneille the latter advised him never to write another. When Boccaccio offered Petrarch a copy of Dante he declined to look at it! Voltaire with entire impartiality threw stones at Corneille, at Racine, and even at Moliere. When Alfred de Musset was becoming known and Lamartine was growing old he wrote him a poem beginning:

"Poete je t'écris pour te dire que j'aime," which Lamartine never noticed. Mention Hegel to Schopenhauer and he foamed at the mouth. A friend of mine happened to receive a visit from Victor Hugo at a time when he was entertaining De Lesseps. "I have no need," he said, "to introduce to each other the two greatest men of France." No, he had not. And yet the two greatest men declined to exchange a word. Those two garrroters, Sainte Beuve and Jules Janin, happening to meet, said the first: "I think I have seen you somewhere." Said the other: "Yes, indeed, I go there now and then." It has been noted before and may be noted again: The one real hatred is literary hate.

The gravamen of Björnson's contention is that Ibsen in his last play, "John Gabriel Borkman," has held him up to ridicule and contempt, that he has libeled, vilified and assailed him. Whether it be a case of a cap that fits I am not in a position to state. I may note merely that if Björnson considers himself Borkman he has cause to be vexed. The action passes at a manor house near Christiania, several years after Borkman's release from a prison to which he had been sent for fraud. Anteriorly he had married, and anteriorly, too, he had had an affair with his wife's twin sister. In a hull in a talk between these women there is the sound of footsteps above.

"Mrs. Borkman—It is he. He walks up and down, backward and forward, from morning till night, day in, day out, . . . I often feel as though I had a sick wolf pacing his cage above me. Hark! Do you hear? Backward and forward, up and down goes the wolf."

The second act passes in the wolf's cage. There the sister, Ella Rentheim, upbraids him for his desertion and sacrifice of her. One passage is admirable.

"Ella Rentheim (approaching him)—You are a murderer, you have committed the one unforgivable sin."

"Borkman (falling back)—You are raving, Ella!"

"Ella Rentheim—You killed the love-life in me. (Approaching nearer.) Do you understand what that means? The Bible speaks of a mysterious sin for which there is no forgiveness. I never understood what it could be. Now I do. The great, the unpardonable sin is to murder the love-life in a human soul."

The play is not gay, nor is it grandiose; but it is sincere, untheatrical. It glitters as a sword does. It is just as hard, just as cold, just as brilliant and just as sharp. It seems to have cut Björnson rather severely.

Theatrically New York could not be duller if it tried. Barring "Toto-Tata," a surprising little French vaudeville done into German at the Irving Place Theater, there is little going that won't make you yawn the top of your head off. What is worse there is nothing in store. There is not so much as the rumor of a promise of a future good thing. There is not even a ballet in town. There is not one good comedy. At the Music Halls the stupidities which are produced are unimaginable, and so poor has the opera been that Castelnay, who was an artist, fell down and died. Meanwhile the press praises everything. But in matters theatrical as in matters literary I long ago decided never to believe a word that the critics said. When they don't err intentionally they do so out of ignorance, and I don't know which is worse. It will be interesting, though, to note in what fashion they will treat that little duchess in embryo, May Yohe, who is to appear at Koster & Bial's next month. I may be wrong, I frequently am, but I shall be inordinately surprised if they do not pay more attention to the strawberry leaves of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle, than to the trills in her beautiful throat. It is true the trills may have departed, but in ages remote when she sang here she had a voice like Irma di Murskas, of unusual volume and range.

In connection with the foregoing, justice, which is one of the prime ingredients of Our Note-Book, requires of me to state that the unanimity with which the critics scored Mr. Marion Crawford's production of "Dr. Claudius" was righteous and deserved. It was more. It was a charming example of tit for tat. There is no debt as faithfully acquitted as that of contempt. Mr. Crawford turned up his nose at the critics, and they turned their backs on him. In subsequent letters to the press Mr. Crawford stated that the newspaper verdict on his play was not one which the public indorsed, that the box-office receipts compensated him for adverse reviews—which is all very well, yet rather confusing when you come to consider that the play, which was booked for ten weeks, closed the house at the expiration of two. But Mr. Crawford had much to contend with. As a writer he achieved an international success. He is the author of twenty-five, it may be fifty, novels, of which "Dr. Claudius" is the first. It is an excellent story. The opening picture of a blonde Norse giant eating sausages while ascending the higher mathematics is realistic in the extreme. The trouble, however, lay not so much in the fact that Mr. Crawford snubbed the critics, nor yet that he mistook realism for melodrama, but that in announcing, as he did, his intention to become a conspicuous playwright a haunting suspicion got abroad that in commencing with "Dr. Claudius" it was his fell purpose to dramatize the remaining twenty-four or forty-nine novels, and for reasons into which public policy entered it was decided, with what equity I do not attempt to judge, that the one recourse was to sandbag him there and then. The measure of a man of talent is his ability to turn opponents into advocates. If Mr. Crawford possesses the talent which he claims his dramatization of "Mr. Isaacs"—the second novel on his list—ought to be a fable to critics and a public treat.

In the story-books of long ago there is a picture of a serpent with a woman's face. At the Olympia you may see that picture in flesh and blood. A girl descends a stairway on her hands, her heels just touching her brow. In a moment she undulates, her head emerges from between her thighs and enigmatically she smiles. Then she disentangles herself, straightens like a reed, and at once, with the sinuousness of a snake, she coils into an attitude so intricate that the other night when I saw her I saw, too, a fat man who sat near me reddened with astonishment and perspiration from sheer surprise. Her face is very pretty, and so immaterial are her limbs that she conveys the disquieting impression of being a creature superterrestrial, fabulous and unreal, existing not bodily but visually, in smiles and fair eyes, one to whom flesh is a garment, separable at will. A spectacle of this nature attracts and repels, and in that resides its charm. Of all things mystery disturbs the imagination most, and in watching this young girl twist chimerically in and out of herself, it is not alone the riddle of her being which perplexes but the position and possibilities of her heart.

ITS REGULAR DIET.

Fithave—"Chicago is a mere annex, necessarily."

Lakeside (indignantly)—"How do you make that out?"

Fithave—"Why, on the principle that anything becomes what it feeds upon!"

AN INTERESTING ITEM.

By reason of its mileage and location The Texas and Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home-seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low-rate Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale to all points in Texas and Louisiana March 2d and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th. Elegant equipment; fast time.

For handsomely illustrated book, fully describing the Wonderful State of Texas, conceded to be the finest publication issued in recent years, send eight cents postage to GASTON MESLIER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Dallas, Texas.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

THE PIER AND THE PASTRYCOOK.

BY MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LAST winter a poet and his wife visited us, and sat on our veranda in the wonderful tropic evening, as the sun went down. Aloft the moon, in her first quarter, floated like a radiant shallot on her eternal voyage. Her light glistened on the fronds of the palms and was absorbed into the dark masses of the mangoes. Nearer the western horizon glowed the aerial splendor of gold, green and rose. A few fireflies twinkled over the mysterious depths of the valley, from which arose the mellow voice of the distant river leaping down its gorges to the Caribbean.

The poet, his noble head clustered about with silvery hair, sat with his wife's hand in his, his profound eyes dwelling on the lovely scene—a stately figure. His wife was a type of tranquil repose, more beautiful than beauty; her face was an open record of charity and love. We had been speaking of happiness; then there had fallen a long pause, which was broken at last by some one's asking the poet what had been the happiest day of his life.

"The happiest day? Say rather the happiest hour or moment," he replied. "The elements of mortal man would be too frail to endure a whole day of complete happiness. Let me think!" His eyes turned instinctively on his wife, and she met their glance with a faint, interior smile.

"The happiest hour?" he repeated presently, in a musing tone. "We have had many happy ones; but the happiest? It was a happy hour when I first asked her if she would marry me, and she said yes. And the moment when I put the ring on her finger—that was happiness. I was very happy when I saw our first child; and when a poem of mine first won recognition. But when was I—when were we—happiest? Let me think!"

After a silence, he spoke again.

"Twenty years ago we were living with our three children in a foreign country. For some time past our worldly affairs had been unprosperous. We had spent the little money on which we had begun our housekeeping, and what I could earn by writing was all we had to live on. But do what I would, the outgo was each month more than the income; we first gave up trying to live in a rented house and sold our furniture, and lived in furnished lodgings; then my watch and my wife's rings and trinkets were pledged at the pawn-broker's, with no prospect of redeeming them; in short, we fell from poor to poorer, and the outlook was dark. We were restless with anxiety; for though we might have resigned ourselves to hardships so far as ourselves were involved, we could not quietly endure to think of the children being brought to want. I tried to get any honest employment in literature; I wrote paragraphs for newspapers, and worded advertisements for shopkeepers, and all the while I continued to labor on what I called my great poem, hoping that it might catch the fancy of the world, and save us at the last. But our troubles often dulled the edge of my faculty, and I feared that what I wrote with such pains might after all be rubbish. But if it was hard for me, it was much harder for my wife, who had to deal with the tradesmen and the landlady, and watch over all the paltry details of our housekeeping, trying to make a shilling do the work of half a crown; and care for the children, and, after all was done, to meet my depression with cheerfulness. I did not realize till afterward how much worse for her it was than for me, who could go into my room and forget myself for a time in a world of imagination. Ah, my dear!"

His grasp tightened on her white hand, and she laid the other softly over it, in the gloom of the veranda, but said nothing.

"My poem was finished at last," he resumed, "and I sent it forth on its travels, and our prayers went with it, for it was our last hope and resource. We were in our last straits. But it was declined by one publisher after another, and finally I had sent it to the last on my list, with the last postage-stamps that I was able to buy. All depended on his decision. Our lodgings were paid for up to the end of the week; the food we had would barely supply us till then; the children, healthy, active, and with unrelenting appetites, ate and laughed and played with no suspicion of what threatened us. The days of that week went by, one after the other, till Friday came. Then, when the morning postman made his rounds, he left a letter for me: it was from the publisher. The servant brought it in and laid it on the table. My wife and I looked at each other: I do not remember making a greater effort than was required to take up that envelope and open it; so much hung upon whether it contained a check, or a refusal.

"I opened it at length. The publisher declined the poem, and asked what disposition I wished him to make of the MS., as I had omitted to inclose stamps for its return.

"I laughed, and said: 'I've mistaken my vocation, my dear. I'm strong physically—I was an athlete in college—maybe I might get employment on the new road they're opening here. Could you make the ends meet on three shillings a day, do you think?'

"She said, with tears in her eyes, but smiling: 'You are a poet: I never felt so sure of it as now!' Bless you for saying that, my dear: it kept me from losing my manhood when I needed most to be a man.

"We must leave our lodgings the next day, and we had nowhere else to go. We took stock of our provisions, and found that if we—that is, my wife and I—lived on bread alone, there would be enough to keep the children from going hungry till Monday at least. But as we wished neither the children nor the landlady to know of our extremity, we spoke of lunching and dining away from home this day, leaving the children to take their meals under the landlady's care: she was a motherly creature and fond of them. As for them, they looked upon it as a sort of treat, and were in boisterous spirits about it.

"So just before lunch-time we went off, with half a dozen biscuits in our pockets. We were living in a small seaside town; and we strolled down to the beach, and sat beside a pool in the rocks, and when we became very hungry we dipped our biscuits in the salt water

and ate them slowly. Then we sat till after sunset, watching the fishing-boats in the offing, and the great ships passing along the horizon. We did not talk much, as I remember.

"At seven o'clock it grew chilly, and we got up and walked toward the town. Three hours must still pass before we could return home from our imaginary dinner-invitation. All our biscuits were gone. We were hungrier than ever, though neither of us said so. Neither of us would have minded much, but for thinking of the other. Of the children, I for my part did not dare to think. But, as I recalled the fruitless struggles of the past, and recognized the hopelessness of the future, I told myself that I had done a selfish crime in marrying this woman, only to bring her to starve in the street at last. She must have known what was passing in my mind, I think," added the poet, in a low voice, "for as we paced along she turned and kissed my shoulder, and said, 'I love you!' She had often said those blessed words, but never with such meaning as then.

"Jutting out from the esplanade of the little town was a long pier supported on iron piles, with benches along its sides, and at the end there was a pavilion, in which, every evening, a band played good music. It cost a penny to go inside the pavilion; but one could hear the music well enough on the bench outside. We reached the higher end of the pier just when the concert was about to begin. I put my hand mechanically in my vest-pocket, and to my surprise found two coppers there. They would have admitted us to the pavilion, but of course I did not think of using them for that. Among the row of shops facing the pier there was a pastrycook, and in the window was a pile of penny rolls of bread. I went in and bought a couple of them, and then my wife and I walked out to the last bench next the pavilion, and sat down.

"It was a calm, beautiful evening, and the moon, as now, was in its first quarter, and hung low over the quiet sea. The water rippled softly against the supports of the pier below us; and then the music began. It seemed to me that music had never before sounded so beautiful. It awoke all the poetry in my heart. And there was awakened, too, the thought of God—of that Infinite Love and Wisdom, man's Divine Father and Saviour. We had tried the world and found it wanting; but God remained, and He was nearer than ever. We could almost feel His presence—the support of His everlasting arms. We felt—both of us, for we told each other afterward, though no words were spoken then—that He loved us, and that even though He required of us our lives, and the lives that were dearer to us than our own, yet all would be done in mercy too deep, perhaps, for our knowledge, but not for our faith. And as we sat there, leaning against each other, we became light-hearted and cheerful. The music rose and fell, trembled and ascended, sang aloft in frolicsome trebles, and stirred our deepest souls with mellow vibrations; the moon stooped lower over her image in the waters, the great sky was an infinite vault over a transfigured earth. All our senses were alert with blissful life. We were no longer anxious for the morrow; the true burden of existence is lack of faith, and that burden oppressed us no longer. Come what come might of mortal accident, we knew that all was well.

"An hour passed; the concert was over. We had finished our bread—the last meal that we could look to have; we rose from our bench and walked home, at peace with all things. The children had been long in bed, the landlady told us, as she admitted us; and she added that letter had come by the last post, and we would find it on the table.

"I took it up; the handwriting was strange to me; it seemed to contain a tradesman's circular, from its thickness. I opened it carelessly, and took out two Bank of England notes for twenty pounds each. The letter was from a publisher till then unknown to me. He had happened to visit the office of the firm to which I had sent my poem, and had seen it lying on the table. He had glanced at it, something in it had caught his fancy, he had read it, and—in my opinion, he wrote, 'it is the best thing written in many years. Though you have not offered it to me, I trust you will let me publish it; and to bind the bargain I inclose forty pounds on account—I have not my check-book by me as I write and this is all the ready money in my pockets—and will send you a contract on Monday.' Well, I had not meant to trouble you with that," added the poet, looking round at our intent faces with a smile. "It hardly belongs to the story. We have never wanted for money since that night."

"And that was your happiest moment?" some one said.

But the poet turned his head almost indignantly. "Have I told my story so clumsily?" returned he. "No; the happiest moment in our lives was not when the forty pounds dropped from the envelope. That brought us down to earth; but happiness, the gift of Heaven, had come to us an hour before!"

DR. SALZMANN, of Essling, Germany, has made researches among the archives of the German provinces on the subject of the duration of life among physicians: In the sixteenth century the mean duration of life was thirty-six years and five months; in the seventeenth century, forty-five years and eight months; in the eighteenth century, forty-nine years and eight months; and in the present century, fifty-six years and seven months. These results are encouraging, and show that the favorable increase in the duration of life is due to the progress of preventive medicine and to the diminution of typhoid and small-pox.—*Progress Medical.*

"WELL-DRESSED, well-bred, well-carriag'd, ticket good enough to pass us readily through every door."—*Couper.*

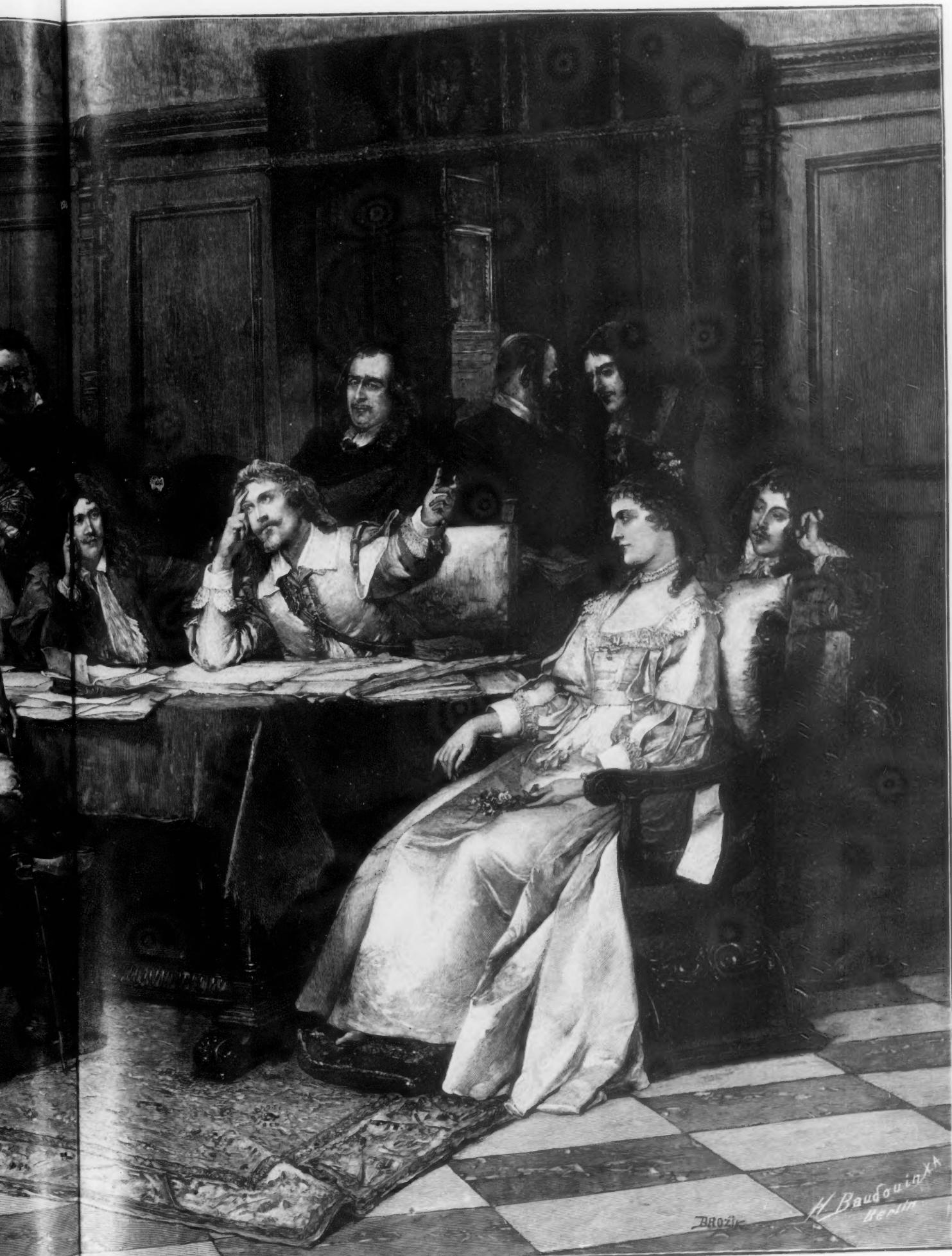
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 839 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



Photo by Photographic Union, Munich.

MILTON READING.—PA



READING.—PAINTED BY V. BROZIK.

[Copyrighted by Julien Gordon, 1897.]

EAT NOT THY HEART

"Eat not thy heart"—*Pythagoras*

by

JULIEN GORDON

Author of "*A Diplomat's Diary*," "*A Successful Man*," "*Vampires*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The church sociable, which Joe's prophetic instinct whispered would soon throw down the barriers of formality between the newcomers and their neighbors, did not fail to take place. They were bidden to it two weeks after their arrival. Here Mr. and Mrs. Bush made some acquaintances. They were treated with marked consideration. Mrs. Bush, who had improvised a somewhat elaborate toilette for the occasion, out of a piece of black silk, the gift of her mother-in-law, and some embroidery ripped from a discarded winter costume, looked extremely handsome. A certain excitement, indispensable to the beauty of her highly nervous type, lent itself to this result. Among the feasters whom she closely inspected while they in their turn "took in" her striking figure, two persons detached themselves to dwell afterward with persistence in her memory. The rest were a bright mass of comely maidens in starched muslin frocks, which looked somewhat outgrown, belted at their slim waists with garish ribbons, and whose hats were surmounted by a large variety of bows, feathers, and cheap flowers. Some of them wore showy watch-chains, brooches, and ear-rings. The matrons, in soberer attire, with sallow cheeks, frequently—when over thirty—displaying in their rare smile a double row of palpably false teeth, generally wore black bonnets over thin hair whisked from a part two fingers wide. The men rugged-handed, spare, with shrewd, kindly eyes, generally wore black broadcloth; some few of the younger ones the lighter rough suits of the day's mode stamped "ready-made."

Two persons, I say, detached themselves from the crowd. One was a young woman, whose name was given to Mrs. Bush by the doctor's wife, while they took of coffee together under the tent.

"That's Floribel Pullen," she said. "Have you seen her before? She's well known around here."

Something in the lady's tone of voice suggested to Mrs. Bush that this knowledge was not altogether without spice, and might even touch on the forbidden.

"I haven't become acquainted with the neighbors even by sight yet," said Mrs. Bush, prudently.

"Well, she's a gay one!"

"She's real pretty."

"How old, now, would you take her to be?"

"Well, I guess twenty-four, perhaps."

"Twenty-four!" If she had not been too ladylike to whistle, the doctor's wife would have relieved herself in this primitive fashion. "If Floribel Pullen ever sees thirty-four again she'll be mighty content."

"Well! she's young-looking."

"It's a wonder, too, with all she's gone through," and again the physician's spouse raised an eyebrow charged with meaning. "Here, Miss Pullen," she called out to the object of her comments.

Floribel lowered a white parasol, and closed her eyes half-way.

"Did you speak to me, Mrs. Opdycke?" she asked in a clear, ringing voice.

"Yes, I want to introduce you to Mrs. Bush—she's living over at Mr. Marston's. Mr. Bush's taken the farm."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to meet you, Mrs. Bush," and Miss Pullen, extending a neatly gloved hand, curtsied.

Where she got those gloves, that parasol, those perfectly fitting gowns, had long been an unsolved riddle to the minds of Paradise. The Pullens were known to be poor. The only son and brother was a ne'er-do-well, the mother foolish and shiftless, with no known sources of income, the father dead.

She had white hands that did little or no work, as one could see by their finger-tips; while her well-shod feet, quick to tread the mazes of the dance, swift to run in the ways of pleasure, were laggard to all unpleasant errands.

Now she came forward, with her vivid smile, those idle arms outstretched to greet the stranger. Her enemies, and she had not a few—although of this she seemed unaware—could not but admit that she had a "manner with her." This manner was now uppermost. If it concealed turpitude, it did its work well. It was always modest, seemly, decorous, candid. Yes, here it went a trifle far. There was a childish inflection of voice, upraised lids filled with innocent and unslaked curiosity, asking to be taught, to sit at one's feet, to listen—mayhap to be chidden and shed a tear or two. This attitude, which may have been a birthright, had crystallized into the *parti pris*. It still sufficed for the simple. The subtle questioned its values.

While she chatted glibly with Mrs. Bush, exclamatory, surprised—she lived in a constant condition of infantile wonderment—absorbed, sympathetic, eyes, ears, and tongues were busy with her name.

Miss Pullen's earliest recorded love affair had been a tragedy. While she was still very young an admirer of hers was drowned. She appeared immediately in widow's weeds, insisting that she was engaged to him. The hostile and spiteful saw in this only a fine piece of comedy. They had doubted his intentions. He was the son of Mr. Paradise, a prosperous farmer, after whom the hamlet was named, a rich man, whose girls learned French, and whose sons were sent to college, far above the Pullens in position. Her lamentations, however, had been loud if not prolonged. She had exacted much commiseration from her acquaintances. A bereavement which fails to crush does not therefore stifle in us a desire for pity. Somebody must suffer if a just balance is to be obtained, and the dead to have their dues. She had risen from this blow with a certain smell of mould and mystery clinging to her garments. She was evidently occupying.

"If there ain't Floribel Pullen makin' up to Marston's new people. She'd be in with the last strange face if it had the devil's horns growing above it," said Mrs.

Bryan, the innkeeper's wife. "I don't say but what Miss Bush looks to be a right smart lady," she added, repentingly, after a hasty survey of Beth's straight back and shoulders. "I hear they're good folks down in Pontifex."

"Mr. Oakes is sweet on her now," said the addressed person with a glance toward Floribel in which malevolence was veiled in a certain satisfaction. Twenty years older than a husband who was not entirely impervious to feminine charm, the stout postmistress, Madame Fesser, although of a proverbially indulgent temper, could nevertheless defend her own when attacked, as her collie dog could fight for a bone. She was well content that Floribel's foray should be directed into another camp.

"He'd better look out then for that black-browed beetle as comes up of a Sunday after Florrie. Her ma says he's her reg'lar comp'ny, a lawyer from the city. I guess it ain't Oakes'll cut him out. He ain't got a cent to bless himself with, the poor lad, for all his pride an' learnin'. They do say, tho', that the city chap is mighty sick of his bargain . . .

Other women's men are apt to present an aspect of fatigue to vigilant feminine critics. Mrs. Bryan lowered her voice, and the two old dames with heads in close contact, and vibrant bonnet-strings, continued their talk in muffled murmur, shaken by occasional bursts of shrill laughter.

"Mr. Oakes, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Bush; Mrs. Bush—Mr. Oakes."

Beth looked up. This was that other individuality, besides Floribel's, which, from the moment of her advent on the church campus, had invaded and possessed her thought. A tall, slender young man, with unreadable gray eyes—eyes which burned like two fitful fires, curls of thick light hair, growing low on a forehead broad and prominent, a straight, finely chiseled nose, a square, strong jaw with lips drawn into set sternness; a rare smile, totally devoid of merriment, nevertheless lighted up the face into evanescent spirituality, giving it at moments a strange beauty; slightly stooping shoulders, the chest narrow and hollowed, but with a nervous and muscular flexibility of frame.

The reason that these two persons stood out from among the country-bred circle of which they appeared to form a part was that Floribel, for all her candor, looked like a woman of pleasure, and Mr. Oakes like a gentleman.

Yes, in spite of his worn trousers, his threadbare black coat, his sunburned straw hat with its faded ribbon, there was about him that discernible "quality" which is born in a person, never acquired. Possibly some remote ancestor, who had wielded sword or pen, at any rate power, had infused into his veins that drop of ichor which lifted him from among his fellows. Yet Percival Oakes was only a village schoolteacher—as yet. In the heart-devouring weariness of his lot, while he hearkened to the drowsy voices of the dirty urchins and frowzy lasses who sat under his tuition, these two words, "as yet," flamed in his soul. That soul was full of bitterness. Ill-clothed, ill-fed, a chronic sufferer from acute dyspepsia, his face was already lined with the marks of morbid introspection, impotent cynicism, and impatient scorn. He walked through the beautiful meadows, his head crouched between his shoulders, or hanging forward on his breast, wrapped in dark musings. If nature was hardly a spectacle to him, it was never refuge. His was not the reverie of the Oriental, to whom action is fatal and futile, but an agitated dream devoid of tenderness. His eyes rarely turned upward to the heaven of stars, burrowed earthward. This habit gave him a frowning aspect, which passably alarmed children, and made young girls afraid of him. He was not over-popular. He was considered to be an inefficient teacher. It was said of him that he was above his work. Being alone in the world, without friends or money, he had been unable to obtain any higher education than a common school one, but by this he had profited. An industrious, steady student, he carried off every prize. He was still a student, an inveterate reader, and he perused deep, strange books, whose very names would have filled the mouth and disconcerted the brains of Paradise. His opinions were known to be of the most radical, and although he attended "meeting," there were those who whispered that he was a free-thinker, that he went to church as a mere form and not to give cause for scandal to his scholars. He spent his petty stipend almost entirely in books, hardly giving himself the necessities of existence. He boarded on the outskirts of the hamlet with a poor widow as lonely and miserable as himself. He was only twenty-three years old.

There was but one person who could boast that she had ever made him laugh. This was Floribel Pullen. Sometimes of an evening he called at her mother's house, and once or twice at dusk they had been met walking together in the fields. This had been enough to set the gossips at work, but there was really nothing. Floribel enjoyed his incendiary, disconnected talk, which waxed a bit wild in its theoretic denunciations, its vain dissatisfactions, and in which the ego of a repressed nature played so arrogant a part. It is not the kings and great ones of earth who suffer from *la maladie des grandeurs*; it is those whom fate has thwarted. Nature revenges her own cruelties. In lunatic asylums those who play they are emperors and gods are recruits from the rank and file of the ineffectual and unfortunate.

Floribel thought him clever—which he was—while the young man was grateful to her for her unflagging spirits, her perfect amiability; and, shall it be said, the fact that she was contemptuously spoken of by other women drew him to espouse her cause. Notwithstanding that Oakes looked upon all merrymaking as frivolous, her sparkling gayety was pleasant to him.

Now when he and Beth raised their eyes two little evil spirits, which dwelt behind them, looked out and recognized each other. They nodded and winked at each other, these spirits of revolt, shily and furtively. Only there was this difference: Beth, who was much older than Oakes, had not yet reached his landmark. She wanted to scale, to rise, to reach; he wished to pull down, to scatter, to destroy—yes, he had traveled thus far already.

"Marston's folks is away, ain't they?" asked Mrs. Fesser, bustling up to join Mrs. Bush and the school-

master while they were exchanging a few perfunctory words. "There's letters lying for them at the office."

"Yes," said Beth, "they've gone to the mountains."

"Well, Archibald Marston's a good man."

"Good! why good?" asked Oakes, gloomily. "Well, he's a kind neighbor," said Mrs. Fesser, "anyway."

"Kind!" The word shivered with new meaning.

"He ain't ever done us no harm as I know of," said Mrs. Fesser, not without asperity. "No one likes to be so 'picked up,'" she told her husband afterward.

"It's those kind men who ruin the earth," said Oakes, with a scowl.

"I ain't one as dislikes a man 'cause he's richer than others," said Mrs. Fesser. "I guess if we had his riches maybe we'd do as he does, and not so well either. He ain't mean. It ain't them as splurge and spend as them dynamiters ought to blow up, but them as is stingy, and locks up their money in the banks where it don't do nobody any good." So Marston's views found echo in Mrs. Fesser's words.

"My wife's about right," said Mr. Fesser, coming up. He had lately been forgiven an escapade, and was glad to deliver himself of this tribute to Mrs. Fesser's good judgment. "When Marston built here land rose considerable. It's brought luck. Why, Farmer Sammis, he got four thousand for a bit of land no bigger'n our back yard that didn't raise nothing nor shellfish and fiddlers, 'cause of it's havin' a strip o' shore."

"Perhaps Mrs. Bush can tell us," said the schoolmaster, with an enigmatic smile, "why land, which is the heritage of the whole human race, should rise and fall in values according to the whim of the few?"

It is probable that Beth did not understand him, yet a secret sense of being distinguished by his thus addressing her brought a sudden flush to her forehead.

"It does seem as if it were wrong," she said, half inaudibly, in that low, nasal tone which was her habitual one.

"And wrong will be avenged," said Oakes, with stifled heat.

"My wife's right. One of them anarchy, cranky fellers gave a lecture over to Queens on Monday night. Me and Charlie Bryan stepped in. Well, if he didn't say marriage ought to be done away with, and men and women live free like savage folk."

Mrs. Fesser threw up a hand in protest.

"Well, if I ever! If that don't prove they ought to be locked up I don't know what does!"

Fesser greeted these exclamations with a series of virtuous nods. He was very comfortable on his wife's salary.

"I'm sure Mr. Marston's a good man, and his wife's a very fine lady," said Floribel, turning the subject from dissolving marriage ties with her usual tact.

"Ain't she beautiful, Mrs. Bush?"

Beth did not like to acknowledge that she had never seen the mistress of Marston Terrace, whom she would not have liked to call her own.

"Yes, she's beautiful," she said, evasively.

Percival Oakes paled. Of a romantic temperament, all his dreams of equality, all his hopes for the dismemberment of existing law, all his passionate longing for redress, broke into nothingness before the phantom which Floribel's words awoke. He detested Mr. Marston with that deadly detestation whose enmity is none the less measureless because it is unreasoning. He resented his patronizing "How are you, Oakes?" and movement of head and whip as he passed behind his rapid horses, peppering the schoolmaster, plodding on the roadside, with summer dust, or splashing him with autumn mud. He loathed the man's self-satisfaction, the fashion of his covert coat, the cut of his short brown beard. He loathed him, and he loathed his friends. There was one in particular, one who was always with her, Mrs. Marston, whom he would have liked to spike, and split, and roast, like the bull-calf that he was! Mrs. Marston! near her! Ah! there could be no desire for equality here. This woman, toy of fate though she was, tossed in the hands of such miscreants—words had lost their meaning to his stormy consciousness—she indeed was born to sovereignty. None would deny it to her! The haunting sweetness of her mouth when she once addressed him in the train, thanking him for a slight service—he had raised a window the bull-calf could not manage—revealed to him the exquisiteness of her being. He felt that he alone understood her. She whose love should be a free gift to the trembling adoration of a timid vassal! She to be the slave of custom—the dupe of destiny! He pitied her!

In the young man's thought there clustered mistily about her person a boundless reverence such as the early Christians doubtless felt in their blind worship for the queen of heaven. The one gentle, wholesome influence that filled his breast was that of this lady. It rested him. No Bernard de Ventadour, no Gaissez Brulez or Quienes de Béthune ever gave his mistress a more transcendent homage than did this lonely fellow to the woman who had spoken to him once. Sometimes he had divined rather than seen her, under her parasol, in the sunshine, pacing her terraces, or lingering in her gardens; sometimes she passed him swiftly at evening in her low phaeton, under the boughs, or he caught sight of her, followed by her groom, galloping on her black horse across the twilight. At the mere thought of her there blossomed in his breast a mystic flower, a new ideal of manly honor, a new belief in woman's purity.

CHAPTER VII.

"HERE, Mr. Asch—Fenno, hand me that string."

"I can't reach it."

"Do you mean to tell me you are too lazy to get up and walk to the table?"

"What in the world are you heating yourself so for? It's internally warm out here."

"Hush! Here's some one crunching on the gravel. It must be the Plunketts; but no," a laugh. "It's only our new gardener's—farmer's wife. Here, catch!"

Mrs. Marston threw a small hammer, followed by a garden trowel, over the balustrade, at the base of which she was kneeling. These agricultural implements landed very near the nose of a young gentleman taking his ease in a hammock. This hammock swung in the veranda, a retreat furnished like a room, with tables, lounges, chairs, books, cushions, and a general aspect of careless

perfunctory
the office,"
mountains."
"I
nily.
Mrs. Fesser,

meaning,
now of," said
he likes to be
ward.
earth," said

is richer than
had his riches
either. He
and spend as
them as is
sks where it
ews found

coming up.
and was glad
Fesser's good
and rose con-
er Sammis,
iggerin' our
selfish and

the school-
l, which is
ld rise and
sw?"

stand him,
y his thus
"forehead.

said, half

was her
akes, with

y, cranky
day night.
he didn't

men and

y ought to

series of
his wife's

his wife's

subject
ual tact.

had never
he would

erament,
dismem-
ng for
phantom

Ir. Mars-
y is none

ng. He
es?" and
hind his

lding on
im with
sfaction,

rt brown
friends.

ays with
o spike.

he was!
o desire
ough
words

ness—
ld deny
h when
ng him

the bull-
quiske-
od her,

mbling
lave of

mostly
as the
ship for
me in-
ly. It

Gaisses
distress
ly fel-
Some-
under
ces, or
d him
er the
y her
flight.

in his
nor, a

et up

o for?

ravel,
only
by a
which
nded
s ease

unda,
ngs,
reless

luxury. He himself presented a picture of perfect repose. If in Mr. Oakes's dark cogitations the cognomen of "bull-calf" seemed applicable, to the casual observer it must have appeared groundless and unmerited.

There are not many finer specimens of physical manhood cast in the capricious mould of nature. His figure, admirably proportioned, has the lightness and agility of the Greek wrestlers trained to Olympian conflicts. Iphi-tus himself would doubtless have selected him for the ten months' novitiate which fitted to suppleness and strength the aspirants to the green crown. His face is not less remarkable: it is chiseled as with the deft hand of a Myron modeling a *Marsyas*. The hair, a rich bright brown, is abundant, silken and curly; the mouth, albeit without sensibility, is absolutely correct to the rules of sculptured proportion; the lips are red, the teeth gleam from between them with a flash of snow. The eyes widely open, of a dark sapphire blue, are of such flawless brilliancy that they resemble glass bawbles more than the pristine stone itself: they are surrounded by dark eyelashes of unusual thickness.

"What a beastly bore," Mr. Asch turned over his white flannel form in the hammock, and glanced between its meshes with a somnolent eye. "Have I got to go away?"

"Why, yes, certainly; I've never seen her before. I have to tell her things."

"What things? I won't listen. I'm asleep."

"Well, they are certainly not corrupting to your innocence," said Mrs. Marston, laughing.

Mrs. Bush pushed open the veranda gate, and mounted the two steps which raised its flooring from the grass.

"How are you, Mrs. Bush?" Mrs. Marston nodded, extending her right hand.

So at last Beth stood before her idol! She saw a tumbled blue gingham frock, from below whose hem pointed two slender shoes slightly whitened at the toes by contact with dew and sand; disheveled, somewhat colorless hair under a rather battered sailor hat; a delicate little nose upon whose slender *retroussé* tip the sun had just dropped a freckle. The hand extended was incased in a soiled *sûde* glove reaching the elbow, wrinkled at the wrist. It is probable that the pit still expects the queen of the drama to appear in regal bravery: that a crown, an ermine cloak, or at least a scepter remain to it the only sure insignia of royalty. The vulgar conception of a pedestal is stilt. Although Beth had assured her husband, while still in the wilds of Pontifex, that she anticipated relations of intimacy and of friendliness with their new employers, possibly these exaggerated hopes had already paled. Mrs. Archibald Marston had too long filled her idea of elegance and of power for the first view of her not to clash violently with all her preconceived imaginations and to be a fresh disappointment. As she shook the lady's extended hand with three cold fingers and followed her stiffly into the boudoir, she wondered who the "man" might be glaring at them through the hammock netting, and not rising when they passed him. She felt almost dizzy with her disillus and chagrin. Yet strangely enough she had not been ten minutes with the fair *chatelaine*, had not listened to the ripple of her soft talk, the vibrations of her high-bred laughter, before she realized the distance between them to be enormous, abyssal, and unbridgeable. No negligence of apparel, no lack of startling claims to beauty, nay the very lack of these, seemed but to widen the separation, to accentuate the fact—a fact made clear to Beth's sharp insight, notwithstanding its apparent incongruity. Beth had herself made a careful toilet for the occasion. She had once more donned the black silk dress, with its embroidered collar and cuffs. She wore a pair of tight and extremely *glaçé* gloves. She carried her purse, in lieu of a card-case, between her thumb and index as if prepared for a shopping bout down Broadway, on her head was her best Sunday bonnet. It was rather high and had a bunch of red poppies at its apex. Her lips, dry with agitation, were pursed into their visiting angle, while her whole person assumed an unbending rigidity. Her hostess, on the contrary, was perfectly at ease; one hand went to her hip and remained there, with the other she pushed her hat from her forehead, giving a tug to the front locks of her hair which she dragged down to meet the root of her little nose with an impatient exclamation.

"I've been gardening," she explained, pulling up her skirt and crossing one knee over the other. "My stockings seem to be coming down, too," she said, smiling, and gave a jerk to the article in question, revealing as she did so a silken garter with a diamond clasp to it. Beth froze upon her chair.

"Well, how do you like it here?" A sudden resolve shot through Beth's consciousness. She leaned back in her seat, crossed one foot over the other, since this was the requisite "pose," but did it conservatively, only displaying the two first buttons of her perfectly fitting new boot.

"Well," she said, "I'm trying to get used to it. Of course it ain't like Pontifex."

Her tone somewhat surprised Mrs. Marston.

"Ah! Pontifex? That is your old home, is it not?" "Yes, my husband's property is there," said Mrs. Bush, vaguely, "and it is such a fine place . . . We have the very best society."

Mrs. Marston suppressed a desire to titter.

"Have you met any of the neighbors here?" she ventured. "I hope you will feel at home."

"They ain't the sort of people I've been used to," said Beth, haughtily.

"Ah?"

"I shan't care for Dottie to associate with any of the children around here. They're rough."

"There are some nice children here, I believe," said Mrs. Marston, more and more *intrigüée*.

"I'm very particular," said Mrs. Bush.

"Have you been to the church?"

"Well, yes," said Beth; "it's small. I guess the best folks here is Episcopals."

"And how is the dear dairy getting on?" said Mrs. Marston, lightly, changing the subject. "I'll come over to-morrow and see you all there. And the poultry? I hope you're setting some ducks' eggs, Mrs. Bush."

"I will do all I can to please you, Mrs. Marston," said Mrs. Bush, "while we stay."

"Are you so discontented you think of leaving us?" asked Mrs. Marston, a trifle coldly. "Everybody loves this place, and thinks it quite charming."

Beth was silent. A painful pause ensued. She was the first to break it.

"You're real comfortable here," she said, superciliously, looking through the superb portières which divided the boudoir from the cold white spaces of the ballroom beyond. "But ain't these hangings hot in the summer? I wouldn't care to have such about me."

Mrs. Marston was speechless.

There were a few more words about the butter and chickens, then Mrs. Marston arose and said somewhat dryly:

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm expecting friends and really I must dress myself. I'm so untidy. Come again, some morning—that is the best time—and bring . . . er . . . your little girl—what is her name?"

Then as Mrs. Bush sprang from her chair with the impetus of a ball shot from a cannon's mouth, Lola Marston made another effort at conciliation.

I do hope they carried out all my directions about the cottage—the painting and papering. I was away and couldn't see to it. I hope you found it clean and nice."

"It's some cramped" drawled Beth. "I think Mr. Bush's going to ask Mr. Marston for a new kitchen, and I think if he'd put us up a piazza like this you have here it would be much more like what we've been used to in Pontifex."

She inwardly thanked Providence that Joseph was not within earshot.

"We have had great expenses lately," said Mrs. Marston, now decidedly roused, "and I have much doubt—nay, I am quite sure—Mr. Marston will do nothing of the kind. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon," said Mrs. Bush, with a slight inclination of the head. She did not know if she was expected to shake hands again, and half extended her digits, tortured into their six-and-a-half glove; but Mrs. Marston did not see, or ignored, the gesture, and slipped past her with a nod of dismissal.

As Mrs. Bush emerged once more into the veranda Feno Asch, who still sprawled in the hammock, woke with a start, and gave her an exhaustive inspection. She tugged at the gate for a moment ineffectually, but he remained prone, offering no assistance, watching her discomfiture with a smileless stare. When she got herself once more upon the turf, she could almost hear her heart beat. In its humiliation and its anger, she thought that it would break.

Feno Asch shook himself. He liked Marston Terence very much. They let you alone, and then the cooking was first rate, as was also the Madeira. At the other houses where he visited he was sometimes expected to talk to a girl, or—what was not quite so deucedly unpleasant, but still inconvenient—to make love to the lady of the house. One never knew where that game would end. But there were no such levies made here on his good-nature. There was no nonsense about Mrs. Marston, and when there were girls they talked together until the fools who like "girling" came up at dusk. These were in fact few. American flirtation—that white fire wherein no wings were singed—only occupation of old-fashioned house-parties—exists no more. "Le flirt," so painfully and laboriously emulated by the Parisienne, is to-day but spasmodic and spectral. It is only very ancient maidens and superannuated beaux who still wave the fan and flourish the hat under the mosquito awnings of damp piazzas and sunlit lawns, or whisper together in the secret places of the stairs. "Le flirt" is dead. "Le sport" has killed this pretty pastime of a frolic god. Young men and maidens, restless bachelors and dissatisfied matrons meet to measure muscles. They wrest from one another the prizes of Tennis, Golf, or Badminton; ply the oar, swim matches, jump fences and chat of the merits of their "wheels." When this is done they yawn in each other's faces and turn for solace to a cigarette . . . and their own sex. Woosings are brief, hidden, and end abruptly in rupture or at the altar. They are conducted secretly, and the gentleman in particular is wondrously ashamed of himself! He is mortified at a weakness which is not a part of "training"! Even the girl's vanity, if not exempt from the desire, is innocent of the practice of dragging her lover about for her friends to see tied up in blue ribbons. A marked reserve has come between the sexes bordering on indifference. The heart flutter, the fevered pulse, the exhilarated brain are now reserved for more important tests of skill than mutual fascination.

Asch rarely went into the city, so it was just as well his hostess should understand he did not propose to do any day's work at home. He was probably the most absolutely successful expression of entire selfishness that could be conceived. His selfishness had reached a sublimity which made it admirable. He never did anything for his friends whose houses he slept in, whose stables he commanded, whose yachts he steered to the havens of his own desire—not, not even to send a flower at New Year's to their wives, a toy at Christmas-time to their children. In the world he recognized no obligations and would have seen the daughter of a favorite entertainer partnerless a whole evening with delightful serenity. Lavish toward himself, he was parsimonious toward all others, never under any provocation yielding to an impulse of generosity. Yet women of position and of fastidiousness coddled, petted, and continued to invite him with tremulous assiduity. This was the more remarkable in that men are usually divided by women into two categories, and liked and disliked accordingly: the man with whom a woman feels her femininity, and the man with whom she does not. The former is desirable, the second is an incubus, a stop-gap at disappointed house-parties or at impromptu dinner-tables. These classes or types have their subdivisions; the former, for instance, comprises the man who is simply temperamentally attractive to women without effort of his own, through qualities which are more guessed at than understood, and again the man who brings his intelligence to bear upon his intercourse with women and whose intellect is directed to charm them. The first pleases, the second holds. The first attracts, the second captivates, and is incontestably the more dangerous of the two. Now there is no man at this moment alive with whom a woman feels herself

less a woman than with Feno Asch. Wherein lies then, the secret of his success? There are men who have dared to say that he is stupid, but it is a question if persons who can thus suck the best from others, and live the parasites of an indulgent community, are really dull-witted. Feno Asch is certainly not intellectual; he is grossly ignorant on nearly all subjects of reputed importance; but stupid he cannot be. I am myself inclined to believe him extremely clever. Just now when my story touches him he was the subject of peculiar solicitude. His long-suffering mother, whom he had for years treated with a neglect and indifference unparalleled, whom he had insulted, ruined pecuniarily, and deserted, suddenly married again. Loud then were Asch's complaints and moanings—"his home" was broken up, destroyed. More than ever must his friends now rally to his rescue. He did not mention to them the fact that his stepfather had twice in one short twelve months paid his debts; such bagatelles were only divelt upon by sordid and vulgar minds. The women shook their heads and wept over him. "Dear Feno! poor Feno!" What a nasty, wicked woman she must be for driving him from his rightful place at his dead father's table! They caressed him with renewed ardor—such ardor, at least, as he would tolerate, he was not himself ardent.

Once Singleton Ackley had permitted himself to express doubt as to the young gentleman's valor on the occasion of the sinking of a yacht when he had swum ashore and let two women servants drown before his eyes. But in an excited chorus the ladies present reminded him that he had once kicked a man; how then could he be a poltroon? Yes, Mr. Isham remembered it. The victim had taken advice after a feeble strike out from the shoulder with which some club men, pouncing upon and dragging him away, had speedily interfered. He was much smaller than Asch. This fact was not dwelt upon. He, the victim, had himself carried in a hansom down to the old artist's studio. Mr. Isham, although gruff, was a man of the world, and was next best as an adviser to the polished expert Ackley, who was out of town. He received the youth with a grim glare through his gold-rimmed glasses. The occurrence was laid before him.

"What ought I to do?" asked the victim, with a fretful whine.

"Young man," said Mr. Isham, still glaring, "there is but one thing to do under such circumstances—kill him."

The victim started.

"Is not that rather extreme . . . eh?" he whimpered.

"I've given you advice. I've nothing more to say."

"But . . . er . . ."

"Kill him and go to the devil, both of you," said Mr. Isham, growing purple, "for the two chicken-livered puppies that you are!"

The victim had quickly and prudently disappeared, down the stairs, with a rapidity unusual to him, and had hidden himself away in his hansom cab. There had been no blood shed.

"She's the handsomest woman ever I saw," said Mr. Marston, coming up across the lawn.

"How many more times in your life shall I hear you use that formula, Mr. Marston?" asked May Plunkett, appearing at the ballroom's glass door. She had driven over with her brother to dine. "Who's the beauty now?"

"My farmer's wife. I've just seen her for the first time."

"How's that?"

"They came just as we left."

"And is she such a stunner?"

"Superb!"

Feno looked up. "What! that thin-lipped Yankee woman who has been worrying Mrs. Marston here for an hour? And waked me up in the best part of my nap? Why, Marston, you must be getting in your dotage!"

"Mr. Isham ought to paint her," said May Plunkett. "When I went to him he said he had done with professional beauties, that he would paint no more of them. He wants to get close to nature. What a sweet gruff old thing he is, to be sure!"

The Marstons had been at home only twenty-four hours. That very morning young Archie had cantered up on his mustang to the cottage, and in a dialogue with Dottie had invited her mother to the call whose success seemed now so problematic.

The Chesterfieldian manner, the aristocratic grace of the ten-year-old son of the house of Marston as he delivered his message would have surprised the ruddy butcher, his great-grandfather, when behind his bloody apron he wielded his carving-knife, cutting up joints, sirloins, and hindquarters for a hungry generation. It had surprised Dottie, whose brown legs shrunk up in alarm, tucking themselves under her short pink frock while she sucked her thumb vigorously, and eyed the boy with a measure of distrust.

(Continued next week.)

WAITING FOR DAY.

BY WILLIAM H. BABCOCK.

THAT all pens were sunshine!—for our land
Has had enough of gloom, enough of woe.
Keep horrors for high noon: let all things banned

Abide the solvent of that jovial glow.

But now, as with far-questioning eyes we stand

Uncertain of the East, where come and go

Faint hues though marvelous welcome, and too slow

By Dawns weak breath our wearying brows are fanned,

O now, if ever, lure the morning on.

Or bring once more the joy of yester-eve,

When through the tremulous leafy sun

His web of glory o'er the wall did weave:

That these dull skies may feel the benison,

And we, remembering, with strong heart believe.

THE total value of gold in the world is estimated at three billion dollars.

'Men, Manners, and Mood'

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXXI.

THOSE who disbelieve in capital punishment will of course affirm that every conceivable form of crime should be treated by imprisonment alone. I have always felt that capital punishment would rank itself among the most shameless horrors of barbarism but for the preventive power of example which it creates. The universal terror of death seems to me a sort of civic homoeopathic method by which to guard against the wanton infliction of death. A certain number of emotional and insane assassins would no doubt continue to torment society if the gallows and the electric chair were abolished. But the cold-blooded assassin would, unless I am wrong, become a more industrious class, and one whose malignant thrift would easily slip itself into hideous accord with that of the less infrequent housebreakers, forgers and pickpockets. Still, there are strong chances that the death penalty will sooner or later be eliminated from all future civilization. Gradually, with our wiser thinkers, the conviction grows that crime, in the aggregate, is as much an affliction as disease, that it is a disease of itself, a malaria emanating from those swamps and fens of human delinquency which progress and education have yet been powerless to drain. Statistics, which in themselves are merciless, argue for mercy, since they incessantly go to prove that the malefactor, even though he be a murderer, is as much victimized as victim-making, and that some occult law of averages, no less mysterious than tyrannic, dooms certain individuals to wield the knife, pour the poison, speed the bullet, as surely as it dooms others to fall below such agencies of disease. Nevertheless, while capital punishment endures—and there are slight reasons for supposing that it will perish till at least another century has come and gone—I think that there is no kind of criminal so richly deserving it as the Firebug. Recent disclosures here in New York have bared the horrors of arson in ghastliest nakedness. We have long suspected what we now sickeningly verify. For my own part, I would rather sit at meat with a Guitau than consciously occupy the same street-car with a Firebug. What these loathsome creatures have been doing for years past has hardly a parallel among the most bestial cruelties of the darkest ages. To gain a few thousands—or sometimes only a few hundreds—of insurance money, they have shown a scorn of human life that might have made Caligula pleasurable to lick his bloated lips. Neither he nor Nero wreaked their vileness upon innocent children; but these fiends, with their naptha and their kerosene, with their nauseous plottings by day and their stealthy, snake-like crawlings by night, have killed in thought, will, intent, a thousand times, the babe sleeping on its mother's breast. And when they have not actually swept away whole households, and households, too, of the sort whose pinching poverty rendered this new hyena threat even more mean and pitiless, have been willing to commit such exquisite villainy, have weighed the chance of it, have not shrunk from taking the risk of it. As long as death is meted out for crime, let such satanic beings as these get the full brunt of its doom and dread. One turns Draconian, Lycurgan, as by a reflected glow from the hells of their own hearts, in merely thinking of them at all. One finds oneself almost to convert to the tortures of China and the African savages. By all means let the worst that our Law can do visit them with its rigors and blights. Death is far too good for them, since its dignities and sanctities cannot quite be shattered, even when they engulf guilt and disgrace. But so long as death remains the last resort of outraged justice, it is folly, it is fatuity, to clog the crypts of our prisons with vermin so corrupt.

And what an answer does this iniquity make to the claims of the socialist! Where would the autonomy of communities lead us if its power were placed in the hands of wretches like these—if they actually helped to govern instead of being governed? For that matter, it is a horrible thought that they actually *have* governed and are doing so now—that their votes literally influence our politics for good and ill. Socialism might assert that if there were not so much misery in the world there would be no Firebugs. But several of the incendiaries already convicted have been prosperous men. Nor is this all. No body of people in which degradation so fetid could curse even a minority of its members, would be able to make anything but a fiasco of "socialistic" self-rule.

I have seen Otero since previously writing of her, and her beauty is of the unsensuous kind that poets and dreamers cherish. She reminds me of an adorable Van Dyck which I bore away with me in a photograph from Genoa last winter. It is in the wonderful Brignole Sale collection, and it portrays one of the princesses of that illustrious line. It has the same narrowish face, the same tapering chin, the same rich midnight eyes, the same elusive associations of mingled subtlety, elegance and youth. But like the dead and gone Paola Adorno Brignole Sale, this young Spanish artist instantly suggests that repose is her aptest pictorial posture. You feel that if she dances at all it should be in slumberously cadenced pauses, protracted and willowy bendings of the waist, aerial wreathings and interplayings of the long and lissome arms. Otero, however, chooses a different method, and though it strives to imitate the fiery bravura and allegro of Carmencita, it fails even to approach them, in their intoxicating bacchanal tortuosity. Carmencita was incarnate lightning; Otero is moonlight with an ambition to be volatile. Carmencita was in two parts of the stage at once; in three, four, if such hyperbole may be pardoned. The nimblest of kodaks might have blurred itself in despair at her vapor-like and voluminous fluencies. She ceased to occupy the boards; she pervaded them. She became an electric phantom of herself, a sprite, an aerie, a witch-woman, a will-o'-the-wisp; and through the hur-

rying human mist into which she was resolved flashed two dusk stars, writhed two white snakes—her eyes and her arms. But Otero, on the other hand, struck me as deliberation seeking to become impetuosity. I could almost count the extraordinary crenulations and parapets of her phenomenal pink pantaloons. They were so opulent in their gauzy overplus that their spasmodic disclosures gave you a sense of abandonment instantly checked by one of almost puritanic modesty. They made you think of the ladies who wear mourning in bows and billows and fur-below of riotous crape. It is not mourning at all; it is simply worldliness turned black. And so you realized that with Otero it was not dishevelment at all; it was simply propriety turned pink—and very gymnastic besides. As for her much-advertised jewels, they merely made you perceive how handsome a creature she is to stand such a garish blaze of them. With a close-clinging brilliant in each ear, and one or two icy twinkles from the raven floss of her deep hair, she would have looked far more tasteful of attire. As it was, her native beauty conquered even this delirium of decoration, and dowered the commonplace of her dancing with a distinction spurious yet pronounced.

Reference to dancing as a fine art naturally suggests those other arts to which it is akin. All the arts are life's very salt and savor. Without them the deadly prose of our existence would be a monotone more dreary than many of us often take time to comprehend. And therefore, when I occasionally let my gaze skim the newspaper records of Mr. Moody's outbursts, I have the despairing sensation that freedom of speech is not the only sort of freedom which has proved a failure, and that he who said the best form of government was that of a mild and wise tyrant, by no means erred. Mr. Moody hires his hall, week after week, and in this wise he thunders and lightens concerning what he calls the "Nude in Art":

"I confess I'm surprised at the meekness and quietness with which the good women of this land submit to these indignities on their sex. If their fathers and husbands and brothers and sweethearts are not sensitive enough and bold enough to speak and act on their behalf, it's a wonder they don't act with more decision and more power themselves. They carried on one grand crusade against rum in Ohio, where they bearded the lion in his den. Let the men who are now insulting them be careful or they'll begin as serious a battle against this other thing. They'll pull the posters off the fences in their wrath some day; they'll enter these great bar-rooms and knock the images off their pedestals and tear the pictures from the walls; they'll boycott the magazines and mob the newspaper offices if these outrages upon their decency are not stopped."

The newspaper which prints this fanatical tirade accompanies it (probably with our great "Evangelist's" full sanction) by reproductions of some of the most beautiful modern masterpieces. We are thus led to understand that the "good women" who will some day "pull the posters off the fences in their wrath," and "boycott the magazines," and "knock the images off their pedestals and tear the pictures from the walls" of certain "great bar-rooms," will be equally tempted to enter the private drawing-rooms and galleries which contain Henner's "Magdalen," Lefebvre's "Sleeping Nymph," or the marble "Greek Slave" of Powers. Well, and suppose these "good women" whom Mr. Moody would thus incite to acts of depredation, follow his highly pacific advice. Does it occur to him that the best of women, if impelled by such revolutionary ardors, would probably find themselves in the police courts? How would Mr. Moody like to follow them there? His radiant rhetoric, often so sublimely exalted, that it transcends the mere foolish question of a verb agreeing with its nominative or of governing a pronoun in the objective case, might find less favor with a logical lawyer than when his "eloquence" draws facile tears from an unlettered and unthinking rabble. He possibly forgets that for just such incendiary language as the sentences I have quoted, he becomes himself amenable to legal reprimand. There is a law against inciting one's fellow-citizens to riot. Most, the German anarchist, had to serve two years in prison for having defied it. Mr. Moody and others like him had better recollect that there is a prescribed limit to their latitude in playing upon the emotions of ignorance. This is what he does, and this is what he has been doing for a number of years past. He cannot, of course, be called dangerous, for his shrieks about "sin" and "sensual appetites" and "immorality" are seldom heard by any persons except those who would not know the difference between a chromo and an aquarelle. But he is, nevertheless, a force as distinctly inimical to finer artistic education for the masses as our Cooper Union, our Metropolitan Museum and our Academy of Design are forces of a contrary trend. One cannot help wishing, therefore, that some way might be found to silence him—some way, I mean, more practically potent than that of the Deity and Satan of whom he so glibly prates. If he would only go on a little farther and urge his "good women" to shame themselves by these vandals which he has already advised, there would be an excellent chance that his prurient prattle would die of its own silliness. I call it prurient, because he has shown the unhealthy and abnormal condition of his own poor nerves. I can imagine such a man wandering through the splendors of art in Florence, Venice or Rome. Their effect upon him would probably be paroxysmal, not to say epileptic. What a curious fellow-tourist he might make in the halls of the Vatican, among the Titians and Raphaels and Correggios of the Pitti and Uffizi palaces! What a picturesquely figure he would cut, too, below the immortal frescoes of the Sistine Chapel! You can almost imagine the ghost of Michelangelo materializing itself for the purpose of giving him a box on his "evangelical" ear—since this same Michelangelo (of whom our moralistic friend may or may not have heard) was a hard fighter in his day, and had a soldierly mediaeval curtness when it came to a question of punishing impudence.

Truly this nineteenth century, now on its chronological death-bed, should be thankful to Mr. Moody. He is administering to it, with signal beneficence, a really glorious extreme unction. He is reminding it that the Venus of Melos is a mere strumpet and that the Apollo Belvi-

dere would alone be endurable in pajamas. More than this, he has discovered for it the astounding truth that mayonnaise and bananas and truffles do not always agree with impaired digestions. His "glimpses into the obvious," as somebody once wittily said of a tedious clergyman, are precious indeed. And yet his remarkable *flair* for "sin" is enough to shake the loyalty of his most steadfast adherents. There are some bold folk, I imagine, who might also be frank enough to ask him how and why the lusts of the flesh, as he would call them, are so continually present in his thoughts. Does it ever occur to this clerical Anthony Comstock, I wonder, that a good many of our noses can often find themselves much more pleasurable occupied than in searching out bad smells?

But really, after all, Mr. Moody would not be of the least consequence if the newspapers would only let him alone. They will not, for they are always wanting to reach new subscribers, and they know that there are legions of illiterate persons to whom his quoted hysterics might appeal, not to mention his full-length portrait, with its rectangular arms and its gargoyle scowl. I am not conversant with the subtleties of his theological tenets, nor have I any strong ambition to disentangle them. This species of effort might abound, I should say, in negro camp-meetings, where his theatrical screams might find their due echoes among apoplectic gurgles and gasps. Benighted could alone gauge at its fitting worth the malicious and pygmy idea of the Deity he assumes to worship—one so mean and petty and dismally obscene that every educated Christian should pride himself on contemning it. His assaults against the grandeurs and sublimities of Art—against the nobility and sweetness and graciousness of all earnest, loving, painstaking portrayal of the nude human figure—are something so unspeakably trivial that only the male and female sets of Baxter Street should even pay him the compliment of jeering at them. "Volumes might be written," says Herbert Spencer, "on the impiety of the pious." But no volumes need be written on the "know-it-all" impiety of Mr. Moody. A line, a hint, an epithet, a monosyllable, would be sufficient permanently to dismiss him from all deserved notice, if the public press, as I have just stated, would consent to ignore him. But alas, it has its reasons for an adverse course, and for scorning the sting of wisdom in that ripe old Roman phrase—

Valeat quantum valere potest.

One of the managers of the Authors' Guild has lately written to me respecting my recent statements in these columns on the subject of all authors' clubs and cliques and like literary organizations. He tells me that I have shown "lamentable ignorance of the objects and methods of the American Authors' Guild," and he "takes the liberty" of sending me "material for enlightenment." I have carefully examined the "material," which consists of two slim pamphlets, and in one of them I discover the "general objects" of the society, thus categorically defined:

"First.—To promote a professional spirit among authors.

"Second.—To settle disputes between authors and publishers by arbitration, or by an appeal to the courts.

"Third.—To advise authors as to the various methods of publishing, and to see that their contracts are so drawn as to protect them in their legal rights.

"Fourth.—To co-operate with publishers in bringing about better business methods between author and publisher.

"Fifth.—To secure minor reforms, such as an extension of copyright, carriage of literary property through the mails at the same rate as other merchandise, and in general to advance the interests of American authors and literature."

One by one I will make bold enough to review these five "special objects." First: "The promotion of a professional spirit among authors." This has for me no meaning whatever, and simply because the professional spirit in an author cannot be promoted here and now. He must individually strive to reach the public, with merit, push, grit, determination, and a lucky friend or two "at court" aiding him. He may live in the remote West and stand just as good a chance of having his manuscripts accepted and published as though his intimates were the leading *literati* of Boston or New York. For certainly ten years I myself wrote many lyrics and tales and essays which were printed in almost every reputable publication throughout the country; and during these ten years a "fellow-author" was nearly as unknown to me as one of the Esquimaux. Afterward it was different: for then my experience became chiefly one of jealousy, backbiting and spleenful opposition. Nor do I state this at all indignantly or with the slightest dyspeptic and morbid bias.

Second: "Disputes between authors and publishers cannot be 'settled' by any guild, unless its force and dominance have become enormous; and that they should ever become so is an empty dream. The individual author has his individual claim. He can fight it out by himself in the courts, if he considers himself swindled. No "arbitration" would for an instant be acceded to by the defendants in any suit which he might begin. If a rogue had cheated him in the handling of his books he would stand just as good a chance of getting justice by his own efforts and those of his employed counsel as though he had a multitude of "club" associates behind his back.

Third: "Authors require no "advice" as to the "various methods of publishing," nor do they need any "protection" whatever in respect to their contracts and their "legal rights." Nowadays every publisher of the commonest decency is willing to give an author whose work he accepts an agreement which he has ample leisure carefully to examine before signing it. I have brought out, in my lifetime, more than thirty-five books, and I have never required the least aid from outside sources in my negotiations with publishers.

Fourth: "No co-operation with publishers (in this country, and to this country, be it understood, I am always referring) is practically possible in "bringing about better business methods" for the author's benefit. The publishers are despots, though sometimes remarkably bland ones. They lose far more money on the works of living American authors than they ever make,

Our public seldom cares for the books of its best native writers until they are dead, and even then the sales are often surprisingly small. In almost every literary sense we are the most unpatriotic of races. New Englanders like to read about New England, but in a larger way Americans do not like to read about America. "Better business methods" between author and publisher are certain to follow livelier sales. Ten per cent on the retail price of a book is the royalty given when no "round sum" has been previously allowed, except in cases where the author's market value warrants a more liberal offer. It is all the plainest A B C, and though an agent or middle-man may be employed, he is generally more of a nuisance than a convenience. Even personal interviews are needless; a thorough mutual understanding can be established on a purely epistolary basis.

Fifth: "Minor reforms, such as an extension of copyright," *et cetera*, are hardly worth being mentioned among these "special objects." This clause is all the airiest of generality. That a club should be founded *merely* for the purpose of carrying "literary property through the mails at the same rate as other merchandise," borders on the absurd.

It is a fact that all copyright changes in the United States have for many years been dependent upon the action of a few leading publishers. For a very long time the enormously rich firm of the Messrs. Harper & Brothers distinctly opposed an international copyright. The piracies of this firm were the principal source of their revenue, and it was not until a certain George Munro, editor of a sensational newspaper called "The Fireside Companion," conceived the idea of disseminating hundreds of English books in the cheapest kind of pamphlet form, that the Franklin Square grandees were tempted to send delegates to Washington. It is perfectly true that for some time the Messrs. Harper & Brothers paid a bonus to every English author whose works they printed here; but surely for three previous decades, if not longer, they took what they wanted to take in the way of British literature, and never paid a cent to the men and women from whom they took. They could not, and would not, now deny this. As a boy I perfectly remember their methods, and the fierce transatlantic heart-burnings which these caused. No authors' guild ever succeeded in altering conditions of this character either for better or worse. It is not merely that authors are ungregarious; they are mostly poor and obscure besides. They do not strive for social influence, and in few cases could they secure it if they did. Some of them shine memorably and lovably in their own libraries, but at public gatherings they are nearly all the merest ciphers. In this country (to which, let me repeat, I am constantly referring) they are seldom what one would call gentlemen, and still more seldom what one would call ladies. Often those of either sex are uncouth and ill-bred. It would seem, indeed, that their possession of very marked ability is frequently co-existent, too, with the smallest envies, rancors and spites. In New York there has been for twenty years, or thereabouts, an authors' club, and what has it practically accomplished in the way of even "minor reforms"? Nothing at all. It has brought, if you please, literary men "together," and they are never so uninteresting as when seen in groups. Among them respectable conversationalists are rare. Moreover, their sensitiveness is almost that of an exposed nerve. Their manners, as a rule, are so bad that when you praise them they will look at you askance, as though they suspected you of being dangerously disingenuous. If there is any kind of society that they need, it is, above all kinds, not that of one another. But nine-tenths of them (Heaven help them!) are fit for no society at all except that of their wives and children, their parents, brothers, sisters—and a pretty hard time they are prone to inflict on these! For the majority are harassed to death by debt and poverty, devoured by unappeased ambitious longings, pierced with disgust at the stern requisitions of their own "pot-boilers," and tortured with convictions that they might achieve untold marvels if only leisure would allow. This is no green-spectacled pessimistic view of them. It is a perfectly veracious and unprejudiced report, by one who has known many of their taxed, anxious, overburdened number, and pitied most sincerely their misfortunes and wormholes, of which his own have formed no inferior part.

These tidings that the Pope has lately been stricken with a second seizure of illness may soon be followed by the darker news of his death. Last year, when in Rome, I was offered the chance of an "audience" with Leo XIII., by a Catholic clergyman of influence; but I shrank with unconquerable embarrassment, somehow, from the acceptance of an invitation which would, I felt certain, have afforded me the most valuable experience. Of the Pope's great gentleness and courtesy toward all privileged to approach him I received ample assurance. He is, I was told, a poet of rare excellence, and so active and keen, even at his very advanced age, are still the forces of his inspiration that his attendants are often compelled to let him rise from his bed in the middle of the night when filled by an impulse to compose certain new verses or alter others that he has already wrought. These, as I need not say, are in Latin, a language which he both speaks and writes with thorough fluency. Many scholarly Italians do this; but the classical erudition of Leo is described as something absolutely vast. I do not positively know if his poetry is published, but I am almost sure that it is not, and that by no means all of it is strictly religious in subject. Some of it might well take a majestic and melancholy form of lament on the perished temporal power of his mighty line. Surely, when one stands in the Square of St. Peter's and gazes at the stupendous church of that name, with the miles of yellow-walled Vatican crowding and huddling and zigzagging behind it, one cannot but feel that the position of this spiritual ruler appeals to-day more powerfully to the human imagination than that of any other living potentate. Not even the young Russian Czar's is so picturesque, for his represents a towering and tremendous prosperity—a supreme potency of life or death over one hundred millions of subjects. But the magnificence of Leo XIII. is touched by the pathos of vanished autocracy. He is a prisoner, yet one of his own gentle though imperative choice. If he should pass out into the streets of Rome followed by his retinue of cardinals, thousands of passionate worshipers would prostrate themselves before him, and the Eternal

City, so drenched with memories of an unparalleled past, would thrill through all its area with a new pang of awe. But he will not leave his palace, nor will he receive there the King of Italy, whose father his predecessor excommunicated, and whose ancestors were the subjects of almost immemorial Popes. Umberto he still looks upon as his subject, and the strangely romantic complexity of the entire relation and non-relation is intensified by the King's outwardly professed Catholicism. Still, at the recent marriage of Umberto's son no papal blessing was given, and Leo's eyes never looked upon the wedding pageant. It is war, and yet it is peace; it is defiance, and yet it is armistice. Will the future bring about some momentous reconciliation? Baffling problem! Italy is full of agnostics, free-thinkers, and perhaps the unorthodox views of Victor Emanuel may have descended to his son. But surely Queen Margherita is still a devout Catholic? One can scarcely believe otherwise of this Savoy princess, with numberless churchly dignitaries in her long and illustrious line. Besides, faith dies harder in women than in men. What a captivating scene it would make for some drama fifty or a hundred years hence, to have this same Margherita steal by night, closely veiled, through the long galleries of the Vatican and pause at a certain door. Timidly, with her royal fingers, she knocks upon it. White-robed, a shadowy and almost angelic shape, Leo XIII. admits her. She flings back the dusky draperies from her face and form. Though clad in the satins and diamonds of a recent ball at the Palazzo Quirinale, she is still no longer a queen, but only a penitent and sorrowing woman. Some austere question burns into her conscience perplexes her soul. She cannot sleep till she has poured forth all her anxiety and distress. Humbly she sinks upon the floor, with uplifted gaze and imploring arms. The Pope bids her rise, but she refuses. He lays upon the silky gold of her tresses his delicate, benignant hand. Rome, locked in slumber, knows nothing of this meeting, which would plunge it into uproar if disclosed. . . . What "material" for some future Hugo or even some future Sardou! They, of course, would clothe the interview in fiery colors of theatric intrigue—a plot, perhaps, against Leo's life, or some peril threatening her husband, from which pontifical aid alone could save him. . . . Audacious liberties with history, you will say, yet what else did Dumas the Elder take, and that other far grander Gaul whom I have mentioned? Meanwhile the good and sweet old Pope will have died peacefully in his bed, and Margherita of Savoy and Umberto of Sardinia will probably never have met him even once face to face, however much either he or she may have longed for the benignity of his pardoning smile!

"You ask me," said a Christian to an infidel, "wherefore I should fear death. But let me assure you that if I believed it, as you do, to be extinction, I should still fear it, just the same."

At this the infidel mused; but presently he replied: "Believing death to be extinction, how could you possibly fear it? For the instant you admitted it to be extinction must you not also admit that it is a thousand times more familiar to you than life?"

"Why?" came the dazed query.

"Because you must then performe acknowledge that you were friends with death an infinity of ages before you were born."

It often seems to me that if I had the art of Charles Lamb I would write an essay on the Irritating Behavior of Little Things. Of course I would not concern myself with the disorderly person. He is the sort of sinner who sows the wind and reaps the whirlwind. I am thinking solely of the person who does his best to make Little Things kind and polite to him. For example: he has mislaid a favorite pen, though not from any conceivable carelessness. He hunts for it an hour, and at length lights upon it behind his ear. Now and then I find it hard to convince myself that Little Things are not alive and sentient. I have strong secret suspicions that a gnome inhabits my ink-eraser, that my pen-wiper possesses conscious intelligence, that my pocket-knife is capable of distinct ratiocination, that my two or three umbrellas are endowed with volition, and that all are skilled at playing a perpetual game of hide-and-seek. Losing one's temper is always a folly, but never is it more so than when lost because of the sorrows we are made to suffer from pranks performed by Little Things. You are dressed and overcoated for dinner; your cab is at the door; you have neatly calculated your time. Suddenly it occurs to you that your neckerchief, your cigarette-case, your small chamois bagful of loose change, your "arctics"—and "arctics" have a peculiar deviltry about retiring into dusky nooks and corners when the streets and sidewalks are specially slushy—cannot be snatched up and carried off. Wailing and gnashing of teeth will profit you nothing. You cannot propitiate Little Things by any such process. Your servant (if you have one) will simply grow be-fuddled should you vent upon him any ire at his negligence. (Servants, I begin to think, should never be scolded at all, for that matter; they should either be discreetly praised or else glacially discharged.) In crucial moments like these you feel with only too poignant a bitterness that Little Things are grinning at you, impishly cackhinating at you, from secure coigns of ambush. The more furious you grow the less Little Things appear to care. They insist upon calmness and reflection, if at all they can be induced to accede you any pitying avenue of practical approach. Though you tingle with annoyance you must seat yourself and try placidly to think out where you left them last. Often they will not yield to any such logical mode of recovery. Your missing eyeglasses, your sequestered gloves, are always proof against wrathful protest, though it must be allowed that to solemn introspection they sometimes yield. But this requires leisure, and you haven't sixty seconds of it to spare. "As if we did not know you haven't," floats the maddening murmur of the concealed Little Thing. I wonder that Dante did not think of peopling one of his infernal "circles" with gentlemen whose cabs are forever waiting at their doors to take them to dinner, and whom the stern self-effacement of Little Things forever keeps delaying. What a superb ingenuity of *post-mortem* punishment for that perennial throng of bores we all wot of, with whom to dine is to despair!

SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. HOYT.

AN interesting and essentially modern conjunction is that of the new young woman and her somewhat antiquated mamma, whose ideas of life have been formed on such altogether different lines, and whose mutual relations suggest to the observer the old barnyard story of the hen whose children turned out to be ducklings, the puzzled anxiety that conservative bird underwent in rearing her unruly brood being typified in the wistful and futile attempts of the old-fashioned lady-like parent to interest her intellectual daughter in the simple round of pleasures which she and her mother before her found so engrossing and satisfying. Dozens of these so-called ducklings have been forthcoming of late, brimful of college education and theoretical ideas, who plunge boldly into the deep waters of controversial philosophies and start out with indomitable courage while yet in their teens to reform the world, leaving the hen mother cackling on the shore and quite unable to follow them into the strange new element which they seem to find so congenial. There is something comically pathetic about these kindly, sociably inclined women, who would be so glad to bring out their daughters and give them entertainments in the good orthodox way and who are obliged instead to "live up" to their children whom, nevertheless, they greatly admire and are inordinately proud of.

A Washington woman the other day denounced society in New York as being provincial. Such a comment from a smaller place would probably strike the self-satisfied inhabitant of Manhattan as being *taut soi peu* impudent. Nevertheless the accusation is to a certain extent true. "I find the area of their topics so exceedingly limited," continues this critic. "I have gone about a good deal in New York, and at every dinner or luncheon I have attended the talk has been confined entirely to the sayings and doings of a favored, or rather unfortunate, few, whose private affairs are discussed *ad nauseum*, while I positively think a new scandal is served up with every course." It might almost be accepted as a test, that when personalities entirely exclude every other interest the conversation must necessarily be classified as provincial. This, therefore, should be as crucial in a large metropolis, when the particulars in question relate to its millions, as in some little village whose gossip is based on the doings of the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker; for the difference is of quantity, and not of quality. Among a certain set in New York personalities have literally eliminated every other intelligent interest in mutual intercourse. This charge may be a sweeping one, but it is true; and the worst of it is that it develops an appetite for scandal in a woman capable of better things, for she discovers that to be amusing she must talk of her acquaintances, and not only that, but she must serve them up with a sauce *piquante* in the way of gossip. In the beginning she does this to be entertaining, but she soon acquires the taste for such talk, to which her better instincts become gradually entirely subordinated. She finds that few people are interested in the affairs of the world in general, and that almost every one is deeply concerned in the doings, savings and thoughts of their own particular set; so she drifts with the current and becomes a magpie like the rest.

Few people seem to realize how much simple enjoyment a few flowers may give, so often are the floral decorations which are so lavishly profuse in the houses of well-to-do entertainers nowadays thrown away after having served their purpose, when they are comparatively fresh and might give so much pleasure to the poor little souls in the slums; for it is the children after all who are the natural flower worshipers, and who, cooped up in their narrow streets, seldom see a blossom, except those they get an unsatisfactory glimpse of through the florist's window. It is true a great many flowers are sent to the hospitals, but it is rare that any one remembers these little street gamins of the great city, whose universal love of flowers is really pathetic. A woman coming in from the country, whose yearly practice it was to bring bunches of wild flowers to an invalid friend in the spring, used to be regularly besieged on her way down town by a crowd of small ragamuffins, boys as well as girls vociferating in their shrill voices, "Lady, give us a flower," and begging with as much pertinacity as though they were asking for pennies; and she ever thereafter carried two bunches, one for her friend and the other to distribute among the eager children. A short time ago an incident occurred before the door of a large house on one of the side streets which should have served as a practical object lesson to its inmates. A footman came out in undressed livery and deposited the contents of a basket of sweepings into an ash barrel. Among them was a half-faded little bunch of violets. Scarcely had the man retired than a small boy, who had been eagerly watching the performance, ran up and began digging in the ashes with his grimy little fists. The onlooker stopped to see what treasure he had discovered, and was amazed to see him pull out the bunch of violets, shake them gently free from the dust, try to straighten their wiltering stems, and carry them carefully off. A pretty idea was that of a director of one of the East Side clubs, who used to bring in from the country cherry and apple branches, which, if kept in water, will bud and blossom in the house; and they were always received with delight by the boys, who seem to regard flowers, and all green growing things, with a sentiment which appears in curious contrast with their sordid, grimy surroundings.

EXPEDIENCY.

I yearned to be a pirate once,
And scorned to use a pen;
But it's safer to slay English than
To tackle Englishmen.

WHERE SHE'S AT HOME.

Jinks—"So Mrs. Bowser regards herself as a typical New Woman, eh? Rather unconventional, isn't she?"
Filkins—"By no means! In fact, almost any kind of a convention is her specialty."

FOREIGN NOTES.

The scene in Teheran, Persia, depicted in one of our illustrations this week is by Mr. John Foster Fraser, who has ridden there on his bicycle, accompanied by two friends, Mr. S. Edward Lunn and Mr. F. H. Lowe. These three cyclists have ridden right across Europe, through the Crimea, over the Caucasus into Asia. Everywhere they have excited the keenest interest. Though they have passed through some of the wildest country infested with robbers, they have escaped hitherto without harm. At Teheran they were exceedingly well received, and the Shah took the greatest interest in their journey. On the occasion when the photograph which we reproduce was taken the Shah came across the young men at work with their camera in Teheran, and he was curious to have the process explained to him. From Teheran Mr. Fraser and his companions proposed to make for Kurrachee, and ultimately they hope to cycle round the world. Their stay in Persia was considerably delayed owing to Mr. Fraser's illness. As the result of exposure he became seriously unwell at Tabriz, but was nursed with great kindness by the British Consul-General and Mrs. Wood. After leaving Tabriz he had a nasty relapse, and was obliged to lie up at Mianeh, and at one time it looked as if his friends would be obliged to go on without him. Happily he recovered sufficiently to push on to Teheran, and is now, it is hoped, restored to health.

Our correspondent writes: "On the night of New Year's Day a large number of fishermen of Bombay gathered on the shore of Worlee and Mahim, provided with toddy, milk and jam, which they took with them out in their boats. When out in deep water they threw these provisions into the sea as a votive offering to the offended deity while praying to him to stay the spread of the plague. The fishermen cannot leave the place as do many of the natives, being tied by their calling."

We clip the following from the Auckland (New Zealand) "Star" of January 9: "Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrie Bell have had one of the most successful theatrical seasons ever held in the Auckland Opera House. This week they have produced with marked appreciation 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Ironmaster,' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' For the coming week, 'Forget Me Not,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'As You Like It,' and 'The Merchant of Venice' are announced. The large audiences which have assembled night after night, attracted by this programme of classical plays, shows that when capably represented and well mounted the old drama has not lost its power to draw in a colonial theater."

The first Drawing-Room of the season in Dublin Castle was a most brilliant gathering, the number of debutantes being in excess of that of many previous ceremonies. The great success of the opening would seem to augur well for the forthcoming season in Dublin, which promises, on account of the circumstance of the celebration of the Queen's reign, to be one of the most remarkable in the history of the Viceregal Court.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.

General Alfred Pleasonton, Indian fighter and one of the great cavalry chiefs of the Civil War, died February 17 at Washington, where he had lived for nearly twenty years. The celebrated soldier had long suffered from a system undermined by exposure and hard work in many campaigns, and since 1890 he has lived the life of a recluse.

General Pleasonton was born in the District of Columbia in 1824. He entered West Point in 1840 and was graduated four years later. Among others who were cadets at the Military Academy then were the Union generals Grant, Sheridan and Rosecrans, and the Confederates Early and Longstreet.

For gallantry in battles of the Mexican War General Pleasonton was brevetted first lieutenant, and in 1855, while on frontier duty, received his commission as captain. He served with credit during the Sioux and Seminole Wars. When Fort Sumter was fired upon Pleasonton was under orders to join his company in Utah, but hurried to Washington, and at Wilmington, Del., organized and equipped a regiment of one thousand men within a week. But General Scott ordered him back to Utah, and it was not until after the battle of Bull Run that he returned to the East in command of the Second Dragoons, after making a forced march of eleven hundred miles to St. Joseph, Mo.

On the Peninsula he distinguished himself, and also in the battles of South Mountain, Boonesborough and Antietam. For his services at Antietam he was brevetted and in 1863 was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers. At Chancellorsville he saved the Army of the Potomac from total rout, checking the

fierce onslaught of "Stonewall" Jackson's corps. Both Houses of Congress made special mention of Pleasonton's illustrious services on this occasion.

He was next placed in command of all the cavalry and horse artillery of the Army of the Potomac. He opened the Gettysburg campaign by driving Stuart's cavalry from Beverly Ford to beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. In 1864 a committee of Congress recommended Pleasonton for the command of the Army of the Potomac, but he was ordered West and increased his fame as a cavalry leader under Rosecrans in the Department of Missouri.

In 1868 he resigned from the army and was appointed United States Collector of Revenue. President Grant, in 1870, appointed him Commissioner of Internal Revenue, but after a bitter controversy with Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell he was formally suspended. Later he became president of the Terre Haute and Cincinnati Railroad, and in 1888 he was placed on the retired list of the army with the rank of colonel. He took part in one hundred and five battles and was never wounded.

General Pleasonton never married. Until his health failed he traveled much, and was a welcome guest at the principal clubs in this country and Europe. He never spoke profanely, but is credited with first using the expression, "Great Scott!"

His nearest relatives are the children of his deceased brother, General A. J. Pleasonton, who commanded Philadelphia's home guard during the war, and afterward advocated the "Blue glass cure."

WHAT ABOUT THE NAVY?

Rear-Admiral Bunce, commanding the great blockade fleet off Charleston, has made a report to the Department that has caused surprise to the officials who have learned of its contents. If his statements are warranted by the facts, three or four of the vessels must be materially altered before they are sent to sea again with the chances of being overtaken by such a gale as raged off Hatteras a few days ago. Admiral Bunce finds specific fault with at least three of his ships, and has submitted reports on the performance of others, which show that he is not satisfied with them. He praises the seamanship of officers and men, and lays especial stress on the bravery of those who risked their lives to save three men washed overboard. The Admiral, however, finds fault with the lifeboat that picked up these men, and says that the life buoy that held two up until rescued by the "Maine" is not the best the service should have. Altogether Admiral Bunce is not pleased with the performance of his great fleet, and assigns as the reason why several of the vessels did not behave better that one has too much freeboard, another should have had her superstructure removed, and a third carries too heavy a battery. The "New York," which carried the Admiral and his flag, seems to be the only ship in the fleet that is free from fault, according to the Admiral. This vessel, he says, took the seas like the best of the merchantmen, and could have made Charleston without delay but for having to stand by other vessels which were in danger.

Admiral Bunce has found serious objection to the battleship "Maine," which he says has too much superstructure and should have most of it removed. The ship now, he says, is dangerous to her crew in a heavy gale, but officers at Washington contend that none of the men washed overboard would have been caught by the seas had not the Admiral ordered them down a rope ladder forward, where they were exposed to almost every sea that boarded the ship. The "Montgomery" is reported as having too heavy ordnance for a ship of her displacement, and it is recommended that lighter guns be substituted. Structurally all of the ships are perfect, but the Admiral is of opinion that the sea-going qualities can be improved by the changes he suggests.

The Chief Constructor of the navy, to whom these reports will be referred by the Secretary, will answer the Admiral in a spirited communication, in which he will show that whatever the experience the Admiral may have had with the ships, each one of them is about as perfect as can be constructed.

Captain Sampson, the ordnance chief, will vigorously oppose any attempt to lessen the ordnance, and the equipment bureau will not permit the number or weight of the boats to be reduced if they can help it. Admiral Bunce is an officer, his friends assert, who insists in pushing a fleet through the heaviest weather, with a view of thoroughly testing the sea qualities of each and the seamanship of the officers and men. He is severely criticised by some naval officers for ordering fleet formation to be maintained when, had each ship been left to make her own way, the accidents that caused



STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO: MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK. 228

four deaths and the smashing of the "Montgomery's" bulkheads might have been avoided.

GOLD IN SIBERIA.

Dr. De Karmet, the eminent Russian lecturer, declares that with the opening of the trans-Siberian railroad there will speedily follow direct and rapid steam communication between Vladivostock and Vancouver. This would place British Columbia and the new American Northwest in an all-around-the-world route that could be traversed in forty days. Dr. De Karmet expects the Canadian Pacific Railroad to join in the work of developing this great route by land and by sea. He predicts that with the opening of the railroad there will come such vast gold development in Siberia as will make that country one of the greatest gold producers in the world. Even now, with but primitive appliances and methods, it produces in the neighborhood of twenty-nine million dollars in gold yearly.

INGENIOUS WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

MUSHROOM EXCURSIONS PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

A LADY who has made an extensive study of Fungi conceived the idea of making the knowledge practical during the summer months. An item to the effect that she would accompany persons who wished to collect mushrooms to such localities as were favorable for the collection of this but little known food was inserted in the papers of her native city.

Various were the applications for this novel amusement. People who wished to test the strange food with an expert so as to avoid a tragedy, others who wished to learn the difference between a mushroom and a toadstool, collectors for herbariums in search of durable specimens, scientists anxious to increase their knowledge of this but little known subject, artists who wanted new models with unique coloring, camera fiends who were in search of new subjects to photograph, teachers of cooking schools, persons who were anxious to cultivate this unusual vegetable, and lastly people who liked to wander anywhere out of doors, were taken on these excursions.

They proved to be in every way delightful to those undertaking them, and those who went once were seldom satisfied with one trip. The desire seemed to increase with the gratification, and on some car line daily might be seen the parties returning with baskets laden with their collection.

The excursions were inexpensive, and were made to localities near the city which they were enabled to reach by means of the trolley cars and for longer distances by rail. A party of ten was the size usually preferred, and for this each person contributed twenty-five cents to the lady who conducted the excursion.

There was hardly an afternoon in the week which was left unengaged except those on which it rained, and at the end of October the lady had made enough to pay her summer expenses as well as to leave a satisfactory surplus.

LILLIE C. FLINT.

PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

Set any name in one minute; print 500 cards with any name, 1000 cards, 2000 cards, 3000 cards, 4000 cards, 5000 cards, 6000 cards, 7000 cards, 8000 cards, 9000 cards, 10000 cards, 11000 cards, 12000 cards, 13000 cards, 14000 cards, 15000 cards, 16000 cards, 17000 cards, 18000 cards, 19000 cards, 20000 cards, 21000 cards, 22000 cards, 23000 cards, 24000 cards, 25000 cards, 26000 cards, 27000 cards, 28000 cards, 29000 cards, 30000 cards, 31000 cards, 32000 cards, 33000 cards, 34000 cards, 35000 cards, 36000 cards, 37000 cards, 38000 cards, 39000 cards, 40000 cards, 41000 cards, 42000 cards, 43000 cards, 44000 cards, 45000 cards, 46000 cards, 47000 cards, 48000 cards, 49000 cards, 50000 cards, 51000 cards, 52000 cards, 53000 cards, 54000 cards, 55000 cards, 56000 cards, 57000 cards, 58000 cards, 59000 cards, 60000 cards, 61000 cards, 62000 cards, 63000 cards, 64000 cards, 65000 cards, 66000 cards, 67000 cards, 68000 cards, 69000 cards, 70000 cards, 71000 cards, 72000 cards, 73000 cards, 74000 cards, 75000 cards, 76000 cards, 77000 cards, 78000 cards, 79000 cards, 80000 cards, 81000 cards, 82000 cards, 83000 cards, 84000 cards, 85000 cards, 86000 cards, 87000 cards, 88000 cards, 89000 cards, 90000 cards, 91000 cards, 92000 cards, 93000 cards, 94000 cards, 95000 cards, 96000 cards, 97000 cards, 98000 cards, 99000 cards, 100000 cards, 101000 cards, 102000 cards, 103000 cards, 104000 cards, 105000 cards, 106000 cards, 107000 cards, 108000 cards, 109000 cards, 110000 cards, 111000 cards, 112000 cards, 113000 cards, 114000 cards, 115000 cards, 116000 cards, 117000 cards, 118000 cards, 119000 cards, 120000 cards, 121000 cards, 122000 cards, 123000 cards, 124000 cards, 125000 cards, 126000 cards, 127000 cards, 128000 cards, 129000 cards, 130000 cards, 131000 cards, 132000 cards, 133000 cards, 134000 cards, 135000 cards, 136000 cards, 137000 cards, 138000 cards, 139000 cards, 140000 cards, 141000 cards, 142000 cards, 143000 cards, 144000 cards, 145000 cards, 146000 cards, 147000 cards, 148000 cards, 149000 cards, 150000 cards, 151000 cards, 152000 cards, 153000 cards, 154000 cards, 155000 cards, 156000 cards, 157000 cards, 158000 cards, 159000 cards, 160000 cards, 161000 cards, 162000 cards, 163000 cards, 164000 cards, 165000 cards, 166000 cards, 167000 cards, 168000 cards, 169000 cards, 170000 cards, 171000 cards, 172000 cards, 173000 cards, 174000 cards, 175000 cards, 176000 cards, 177000 cards, 178000 cards, 179000 cards, 180000 cards, 181000 cards, 182000 cards, 183000 cards, 184000 cards, 185000 cards, 186000 cards, 187000 cards, 188000 cards, 189000 cards, 190000 cards, 191000 cards, 192000 cards, 193000 cards, 194000 cards, 195000 cards, 196000 cards, 197000 cards, 198000 cards, 199000 cards, 200000 cards, 201000 cards, 202000 cards, 203000 cards, 204000 cards, 205000 cards, 206000 cards, 207000 cards, 208000 cards, 209000 cards, 210000 cards, 211000 cards, 212000 cards, 213000 cards, 214000 cards, 215000 cards, 216000 cards, 217000 cards, 218000 cards, 219000 cards, 220000 cards, 221000 cards, 222000 cards, 223000 cards, 224000 cards, 225000 cards, 226000 cards, 227000 cards, 228000 cards, 229000 cards, 230000 cards, 231000 cards, 232000 cards, 233000 cards, 234000 cards, 235000 cards, 236000 cards, 237000 cards, 238000 cards, 239000 cards, 240000 cards, 241000 cards, 242000 cards, 243000 cards, 244000 cards, 245000 cards, 246000 cards, 247000 cards, 248000 cards, 249000 cards, 250000 cards, 251000 cards, 252000 cards, 253000 cards, 254000 cards, 255000 cards, 256000 cards, 257000 cards, 258000 cards, 259000 cards, 260000 cards, 261000 cards, 262000 cards, 263000 cards, 264000 cards, 265000 cards, 266000 cards, 267000 cards, 268000 cards, 269000 cards, 270000 cards, 271000 cards, 272000 cards, 273000 cards, 274000 cards, 275000 cards, 276000 cards, 277000 cards, 278000 cards, 279000 cards, 280000 cards, 281000 cards, 282000 cards, 283000 cards, 284000 cards, 285000 cards, 286000 cards, 287000 cards, 288000 cards, 289000 cards, 290000 cards, 291000 cards, 292000 cards, 293000 cards, 294000 cards, 295000 cards, 296000 cards, 297000 cards, 298000 cards, 299000 cards, 300000 cards, 301000 cards, 302000 cards, 303000 cards, 304000 cards, 305000 cards, 306000 cards, 307000 cards, 308000 cards, 309000 cards, 310000 cards, 311000 cards, 312000 cards, 313000 cards, 314000 cards, 315000 cards, 316000 cards, 317000 cards, 318000 cards, 319000 cards, 320000 cards, 321000 cards, 322000 cards, 323000 cards, 324000 cards, 325000 cards, 326000 cards, 327000 cards, 328000 cards, 329000 cards, 330000 cards, 331000 cards, 332000 cards, 333000 cards, 334000 cards, 335000 cards, 336000 cards, 337000 cards, 338000 cards, 339000 cards, 340000 cards, 341000 cards, 342000 cards, 343000 cards, 344000 cards, 345000 cards, 346000 cards, 347000 cards, 348000 cards, 349000 cards, 350000 cards, 351000 cards, 352000 cards, 353000 cards, 354000 cards, 355000 cards, 356000 cards, 357000 cards, 358000 cards, 359000 cards, 360000 cards, 361000 cards, 362000 cards, 363000 cards, 364000 cards, 365000 cards, 366000 cards, 367000 cards, 368000 cards, 369000 cards, 370000 cards, 371000 cards, 372000 cards, 373000 cards, 374000 cards, 375000 cards, 376000 cards, 377000 cards, 378000 cards, 379000 cards, 380000 cards, 381000 cards, 382000 cards, 383000 cards, 384000 cards, 385000 cards, 386000 cards, 387000 cards, 388000 cards, 389000 cards, 390000 cards, 391000 cards, 392000 cards, 393000 cards, 394000 cards, 395000 cards, 396000 cards, 397000 cards, 398000 cards, 399000 cards, 400000 cards, 401000 cards, 402000 cards, 403000 cards, 404000 cards, 405000 cards, 406000 cards, 407000 cards, 408000 cards, 409000 cards, 410000 cards, 411000 cards, 412000 cards, 413000 cards, 414000 cards, 415000 cards, 416000 cards, 417000 cards, 418000 cards, 419000 cards, 420000 cards, 421000 cards, 422000 cards, 423000 cards, 424000 cards, 425000 cards, 426000 cards, 427000 cards, 428000 cards, 429000 cards, 430000 cards, 431000 cards, 432000 cards, 433000 cards, 434000 cards, 435000 cards, 436000 cards, 437000 cards, 438000 cards, 439000 cards, 440000 cards, 441000 cards, 442000 cards, 443000 cards, 444000 cards, 445000 cards, 446000 cards, 447000 cards, 448000 cards, 449000 cards, 450000 cards, 451000 cards, 452000 cards, 453000 cards, 454000 cards, 455000 cards, 456000 cards, 457000 cards, 458000 cards, 459000 cards, 460000 cards, 461000 cards, 462000 cards, 463000 cards, 464000 cards, 465000 cards, 466000 cards, 467000 cards, 468000 cards, 469000 cards, 470000 cards, 471000 cards, 472000 cards, 473000 cards, 474000 cards, 475000 cards, 476000 cards, 477000 cards, 478000 cards, 479000 cards, 480000 cards, 481000 cards, 482000 cards, 483000 cards, 484000 cards, 485000 cards, 486000 cards, 487000 cards, 488000 cards, 489000 cards, 490000 cards, 491000 cards, 492000 cards, 493000 cards, 494000 cards, 495000 cards, 496000 cards, 497000 cards, 498000 cards, 499000 cards, 500000 cards, 501000 cards, 502000 cards, 503000 cards, 504000 cards, 505000 cards, 506000 cards, 507000 cards, 508000 cards, 509000 cards, 510000 cards, 511000 cards, 512000 cards, 513000 cards, 514000 cards, 515000 cards, 516000 cards, 517000 cards, 518000 cards, 519000 cards, 520000 cards, 521000 cards, 522000 cards, 523000 cards, 524000 cards, 525000 cards, 526000 cards, 527000 cards, 528000 cards, 529000 cards, 530000 cards, 531000 cards, 532000 cards, 533000 cards, 534000 cards, 535000 cards, 536000 cards, 537000 cards, 538000 cards, 539000 cards, 540000 cards, 541000 cards, 542000 cards, 543000 cards, 544000 cards, 545000 cards, 546000 cards, 547000 cards, 548000 cards, 549000 cards, 550000 cards, 551000 cards, 552000 cards, 553000 cards, 554000 cards, 555000 cards, 556000 cards, 557000 cards, 558000 cards, 559000 cards, 560000 cards, 561000 cards, 562000 cards, 563000 cards, 564000 cards, 565000 cards, 566000 cards, 567000 cards, 568000 cards, 569000 cards, 570000 cards, 571000 cards, 572000 cards, 573000 cards, 574000 cards, 575000 cards, 576000 cards, 577000 cards, 578000 cards, 579000 cards, 580000 cards, 581000 cards, 582000 cards, 583000 cards, 584000 cards, 585000 cards, 586000 cards, 587000 cards, 588000 cards, 589000 cards, 590000 cards, 591000 cards, 592000 cards, 593000 cards, 594000 cards, 595000 cards, 596000 cards, 597000 cards, 598000 cards, 599000 cards, 600000 cards, 601000 cards, 602000 cards, 603000 cards, 604000 cards, 605000 cards, 606000 cards, 607000 cards, 608000 cards, 609000 cards, 610000 cards, 611000 cards, 612000 cards, 613000 cards, 614000 cards, 615000 cards, 616000 cards, 617000 cards, 618000 cards, 619000 cards, 620000 cards, 621000 cards, 622000 cards, 623000 cards, 624000 cards, 625000 cards, 626000 cards, 627000 cards, 628000 cards, 629000 cards, 630000 cards, 631000 cards, 632000 cards, 633000 cards, 634000 cards, 635000 cards, 636000 cards, 637000 cards, 638000 cards, 639000 cards, 640000 cards, 641000 cards, 642000 cards, 643000 cards, 644000 cards, 645000 cards, 646000 cards, 64700

